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July 1964

# THE ARYAN PATH

VOLUME XXXV - NO. 7

EDITOR
Genius and the Mortal Instruments

BRIAN COOPER
The German Protestant "Kirchentag" Movement

K. VISWANATHAM
Metaphor and Modernity in Metaphor: I

S. V. JOGA RAO
The Dance Dramas of Melattur

HERBERT BLUEN
The Poetry of Edgar Allan Poe

*BOOKS REVIEWED INCLUDE*

*The Cambridge History of the Bible*; Radhakamal Mukerjee's *The Dimensions of Values*; Owen Barfield's *Worlds Apart*; Louis Fischer's *The Essential Gandhi*; Kahlil Gibran's *The Madman*; *The Totalitarian Threat*; *The Mentor Book of Major British Poets*; *Folktales of Japan*; *Music Festivals of the World*

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*Point out the 'Way'*
*however dimly and lost among the host —*
*as does the Evening Star*
*to those who tread their path in darkness.*

Editor:
SOPHIA WADIA

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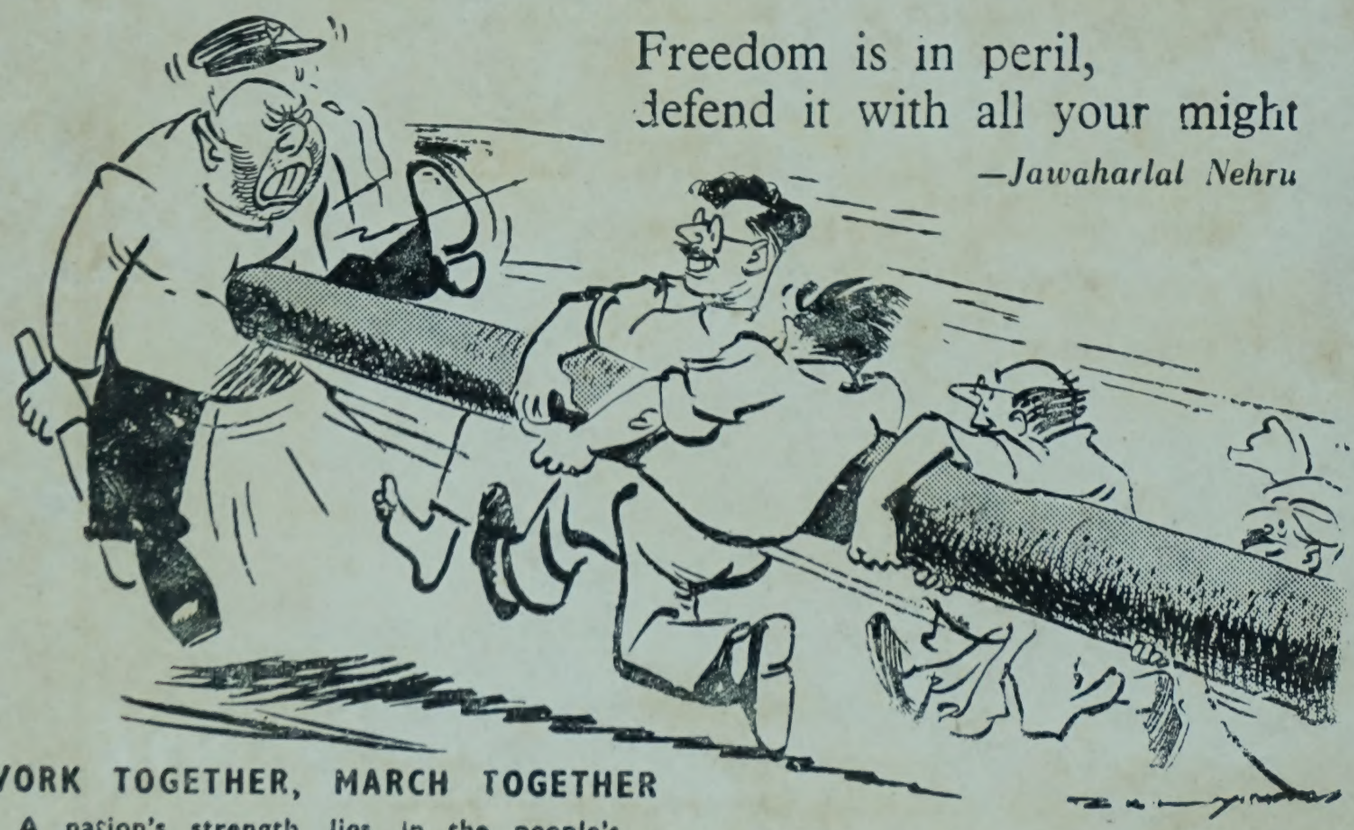


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# THE ARYAN PATH

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# THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and
lost among the host — as does the evening star
to those who tread their path in darkness.

— *The Voice of the Silence*

Vol. XXXV JULY 1964 No. 7

## GENIUS AND THE MORTAL INSTRUMENTS

At the close of his very instructive, almost inspiring, essay "On the Sublime," Longinus deals with the subject of war and literature:

> One problem now remains for solution, my dear Terentianus, and knowing your love of learning I will not hesitate to append it — a problem which a certain philosopher recently put to me.

This "a certain philosopher" bemoans the absence of freedom which has the power to foster noble minds; he complains that in the age in which they lived they are "schooled from childhood in an equitable slavery"; he adds that they never drank from "the fairest and most fertile source of literature, which is freedom"; and so on.

Longinus took him up and in a noble passage, which we must quote in full, answers him thus:

> It is easy, my good friend, and it is characteristic of human nature always to find fault with things as they are at the moment. But consider. Perhaps it is not the world's peace that corrupts great natures but much rather this endless warfare which besets our hearts, yes, and the passions that garrison our lives in these days and make utter havoc of them. It is the love of money, that insatiable sickness from which we all now suffer, and the love of pleasure that enslave us, or rather, one might say, sink our lives, soul and all, into the depths; for love of gold is a withering sickness, and love of pleasure utterly ignoble. Indeed, I cannot discover on consideration how, if we value boundless wealth, or to speak more truly, make a god of it, we can possibly keep our natures free from its evil parasites. In close company with vast and unconscionable Wealth there follows, "step for step," as they say, Extravagance: and no sooner has the one opened the gates of cities or houses, than the other comes and makes a home there too. And when they have spent some time in our lives, philosophers tell us, they build a nest there and promptly set about begetting children; these are Swagger and Conceit and Luxury, no bastards but their true-born issue. And if these off-spring of Wealth are allowed to grow to maturity, they soon

breed in our hearts inexorable tyrants, Insolence and Disorder and Shamelessness. This must inevitably happen, and men no longer then look upwards nor take any further thought for their good name. And what is the end of this process? Step by step the ruin of their lives is completed, their greatness of soul wastes away from inanition and is no longer their ideal, since they value that part of them which is mortal and consumes away, and neglect the development of their immortal souls. A man who has been bribed for his verdict can no longer give an unbiased and sound judgment on what is just and fair, for the corrupt judge inevitably regards his own interest as fair and just. And seeing that the whole life of each one of us is now governed wholly by bribery and by hunting after other people's deaths and laying traps for legacies, and we have sold our souls for profit at any price, slaves that we are to our luxury, can we then expect in such a pestilential ruin of our lives that there is left a single free and unbribed judge of the things that are great and last to all eternity? Are we not all corrupted by our passion for gain? Nay, for such as we are, perhaps it is better to have a master than to be free. Were we given complete liberty we should behave like released prisoners, and our greed for our neighbours' possessions would swamp the world in a deluge of evils. "In fact," I said, "what spends the spirit of the present generation is the apathy in which all but a few of us pass our lives, only exerting ourselves or showing any enterprise for the sake of getting praise or pleasure out of it, never from the honourable and admirable motive of doing good to the world."

Leaving aside for the nonce the mass of our intelligentsia, let us apply the lesson implicit in this passage to the growing band of writers in India. Their pens may use their own native language or English, it matters little in the consideration of our subject. The truth which Longinus brings out is this: the endless warfare waged by our passions against our Soul is a corrupting force; pursuing lucre for selfish ends, we neglect the care of our immortal Souls. Choosing pleasures, now of one sense, then of another, we entangle ourselves till pure reason degenerates into sophistry, judgements become perverted and the divine in us is smothered almost to extinction. The mighty magic of Prakriti glamours us so that we value its dictates as intimations of Purusha. And as if the fight which our own weaknesses and our personal Karma provides were not sufficient to yield the essence of experience, some of our young authors fall prey to the insidious temptation of going to the gutter for the sake of gaining first-hand knowledge. This is the real cause of degradation, and art and literature suffer more from this than from the political status and social environment of the poet or the painter.

The three gates of hell mentioned in the *Gita* are open not only for *hoi polloi,* but also for the *literati.* Very often does the writer pass through the gate of lust, of wrath, of greed. And what is worse — he is apt to

justify his visits to the nether regions as unavoidable and even necessary experience for his creative labours. This is an entirely false position, but we need not argue that here. We go a step further and assert that passing down the gateways of *kama, krodha, lobha* is not only unnecessary, but further that it is highly injurious to the health of the writer's real creative faculty. We do not deny that among the drug-addicts, drunkards, and debauchees there have been some poets and novelists. But judging from the long history of literary creations, we cannot but come to the conclusion that the quality of the writing of those authors who guarded the purity of their minds and the sincerity of their hearts is superfine; mortal always and muddy often that of those who sought in hell the force to depict the glories of heaven.

Let us turn to Longinus for guidance on this point. He states:

> It is impossible that those whose thoughts and habits all their lives long are petty and servile should flash out anything wonderful, worthy of immortal life. No, a great style is the natural outcome of weighty thoughts, and sublime sayings naturally fall to men of spirit.

To seek for "men of spirit" among literary creators in the India of today is to open an enquiry of national importance.

In our enthusiasm to encourage all those who are contributing to the literary renaissance now taking place, we are running the risk of accepting second-rate creativity as an expression of genius; we are apt to prize too highly a story, a poem, an essay, fearing to underrate its value. We may reject the weeds, but to prize as rare blooms flowers of the garden variety is to make the work of real creators very difficult.

Again, modern Western influence, especially that of psychology, has weakened the fibre of literary creators, and "men of spirit" are rare among them. Young Indians imitating their Occidental confrères very often give the go-by to the higher life, thus doing a great disservice to the mission of our Motherland — to help humanity return to the Life of Spirit.

The question which is put by many friends to whom this line of thought has been presented is — "What would you have us do, we who are not cut out for Gandhian asceticism?" Our answer would be — "If you cannot be an ascetic, must you be a hedonist?" To control the mind and direct it towards the Soul is difficult, to let it run to objects of sense and turn sensualist is not difficult; but for a man of letters the game is not worth the candle. Longinus quotes Plato's *Republic*:

> Those who have then no experience [he says] of wisdom or of goodness, living always amid banquets and other such festivities, are seemingly carried downwards, and there they wander all their lives. They have never yet raised their eyes to the truth, never been carried upwards, never tasted

true, abiding pleasure. They are like so many cattle; stooping downwards, with their eyes always bent on the earth and on their dinner tables, they feed and fatten and breed, and so greedy are they for these enjoyments, that they kick and butt with hooves and horns of iron and kill each other for insatiate desire.

And commenting upon this passage Longinus points to the path of emulation which our young literary creators can tread. Let them imitate, if not emulate, the illustrious predecessors, from Valmiki downwards. Says Longinus:

> What and what manner of road is this? Zealous imitation of the great historians and poets of the past. That is the aim, dear friend, and we must hold to it with all our might. For many are carried away by the inspiration of another, just as the story runs that the Pythian priestess on approaching the tripod where there is, they say, "a rift in the earth upbreathing steam divine," becomes thereby impregnated with the divine power and is at once inspired to utter oracles; so, too, from the natural genius of those old writers there flows into the hearts of their admirers as it were an emanation from the mouth of holiness. Inspired by this, even those who are not easily moved by the divine afflatus share the enthusiasm of these others' grandeur.

The born genius is a rarity; but all of us are on our way to becoming geniuses — that is, if we only will to become so. H. P. Blavatsky expounds the truth about genius and geniuses in an able essay reprinted in pamphlet form (*U.L.T. Pamphlet No. 13*), in which she says:

> Adds our philosophy — the cultivation of certain aptitudes throughout a long series of past incarnations must finally culminate in some one life, in a blooming forth as *genius*, in one or another direction.

In the process of Reincarnation, ever guided by the Law of Karma, every human Soul must attain the state of the genius, provided he aspires ever onward, never loses sight, even when in the depths of matter, of that guiding star. the Divine Soul and Mind, his true Self. Though almost omniscient in its essence and nature, that Spiritual Soul still requires the aid of the brain and body to transmit and give expression to the light of that real Inner Man. Explains H. P. Blavatsky:

> Physical man is the musical instrument, and the Ego, the performing artist. The potentiality of perfect melody of sound is in the former — the instrument — and no skill of the latter can awaken a faultless harmony out of a broken or badly-made instrument. This harmony depends on the fidelity of transmission, by word or act, to the objective plane, of the unspoken divine thought in the very depths of man's subjective or inner nature. Physical man may — to follow our simile — be a priceless Stradivarius, or a cheap and cracked fiddle, or again a mediocrity between the two, in the hands of the Paganini who ensouls him.

As most of us are not true geniuses, but are on the way to becoming such, it behoves us to make clean and clear our instruments so that in the progress of time we may be "moved by the divine afflatus" of which Longinus speaks. Meantime, one of the very methods of cleansing the mind is that of keeping close company with the *real* Geniuses (not the artificial ones) and of learning from their work. Emulation and imitation are not worthless; like the foetus which nourishes itself by osmosis in the mother's womb, the growing genius fosters himself surrounded by the literary creators of old. John Keats wrote to his brothers — "I do believe that works of genius are the first things in the world," and they certainly should be for the young and rising man who wants to serve the Goddess of letters and words. No less a man than Plato practised emulating Homer; so records Longinus, whose essay no aspirant to literary creation should miss studying.

The young writer of today should, nay must, aspire to become a Man of Spirit. Near at hand are the ways and means to attain if he but take the first step — reject the false notion that in and through sensuality the Soul can acquire Wisdom Divine and unfold the power to pass on the Light.*

EDITOR

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WITH Virgil European poetry grows up. For there are certain moods in which all that had gone before seems, as it were, boys' poetry, depending both for its charm and for its limitations on a certain naivety, seen alike in its heady ecstasies and in its heady despairs, which we certainly cannot, perhaps, should not, recover. *Mens immota manet,* "the mind remains unshaken while the vain tears fall." That is the Virgilian note. . . . Aeneas . . . is compelled to see something more important than happiness.

—C. S. LEWIS

* This article appeared originally in the quarterly *Triveni*, Vol. XIV, No. 2 (April-June 1942).

# THE GERMAN PROTESTANT "KIRCHENTAG" MOVEMENT

## 1949-63

[**Mr. Brian Cooper, M.A., B.Litt.,** is a historian trained at Oxford, where he studied and later taught for some time. At present he is Lecturer in Liberal Studies, Lanchester College of Technology, Coventry. His special subject in research has been Protestantism in the seventeenth century, and he has by a logical extension a special interest in the contemporary sociology of the Christian Church and the religious use of mass media. He is the founder and the editor of *Breakthrough,* a new universities Christian review started in 1960.

He describes a religious movement that has taken strong root in Germany. He says, "It is surely a fact deeply expressive of the strange workings of the Divine Power that out of the nation which produced the terror and evil of Hitlerism has now come a movement of real religious challenge and spiritual commitment." It is significant that Kirchentag gatherings can be full of applause for a speaker who considers ecclesiastical organizations out of place and brother love and sacrificial service to the world of the essence —Ed.]

The most impressive and thought-provoking religious gatherings I have ever attended both occurred in Germany: they were the German Protestant Kirchentags at Munich in 1959 and Dortmund in 1963. Kirchentag — the word literally means "Church Day" — stands for the movement of lay Christianity which has developed in post-war Germany and which has held eleven great congresses since its birth at Hanover in 1949. Not only in Germany, but also throughout Western Europe and indeed in many parts of the world community of Christianity, the word *Kirchentag* (the full German title is *Deutscher Evangelischer Kirchentag*) has become for many Christians a symbol of how ordinary lay Christian people, from all professions and walks of life, and under inspiring leadership, can very seriously and responsibly seek to relate their faith to every aspect of their lives. For Germany, whose experience of Nazism was the greatest ever confrontation of the corporate evil of the power-state with the deepest religious and humanitarian convictions of the individual and of liberal-democratic civilization, and for the West, ever continually threatened by its own preoccupation with materialism to the extent of stifling spiritual realities, the Kirchentag movement is one of profound hope and symptomatic of stirrings of real religious revival.

The Kirchentag really grew out of the German Confessing Church and its brave resistance to the Hitler régime. The President and Founder of the Kirchentag, Dr. Reinhold von Thadden-Trieglaff, writes of those days:

> Protestant Christians, theologians and non-theologians, joined for common action in the "Councils of Brethren" and found together that *God lives and speaks today.* In the midst of a tragic confusion of false teachings and false prophets, they proved loyal to their crucified Lord and bore witness to Him in the face of persecution.[1]

Von Thadden-Trieglaff himself led "Protestant Weeks," which gathered thousands of ordinary Christians

> for a common spiritual resistance against the outside world and for common responsibility and co-operation. It was then that I came to understand the need to demand of *lay* Christians both personal witness and a regular concern for matters both within and outside the Church.[2]

In spite of intense persecution, the Nazi régime could not destroy the convictions of Confessing Christians. Many clergymen were sent to concentration camps (as of course were many Roman Catholic priests); Dr. Martin Niemoeller became Hitler's "personal prisoner"; the theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer was executed for participating in the 1944 bomb plot on Hitler's life; Dr. von Thadden's sister, Elisabeth, was executed in 1944 for giving hospitality to sympathizers with the resistance movement. The witness unto death of these and countless others was an inspiration both in resisting the all-demanding Nazi ideology and in facing the catastrophic destruction of total defeat in 1945. The task of material reconstruction had to be undergirded by a rediscovery of true spiritual values upon which the nation's life could be based, and out of this immediately post-1945 crisis situation Kirchentag emerged.

1945 saw Dr. von Thadden-Trieglaff imprisoned in a Russian camp in the Arctic circle, where he organized Christian worship for men of all beliefs and none. He writes:

> We prisoners quite simply lived in Christian fellowship together, read the Bible together, and sang and prayed together; and the experiences of that period are the basis for my life and activities since then. I learned that one can and must approach all kinds of people in order to learn with them the Gospel — Christians and non-Christians, pious men and rationalists.[3]

After being released, von Thadden-Trieglaff worked for the establishment of the World Council of Churches and then returned to Germany in 1949 and set himself to organize the Kirchentag. He saw the task of this movement then in these terms, which remain true today:

> The Kirchentag has set itself the task to call Protestant lay Christians to their responsibilities in all sectors of public life and to make them active,

---

[1] See *Meet the Church* (World Council of Churches, 1959), p. 5.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.*, pp. 5-6.

particularly in the economic, social and political fields where Christian principles are on trial and where Christian obedience has to stand the test. The layman is anything but some sort of marginal figure on the outskirts of the Church. He is *the essential interpreter of the Christian message in the battlefield of the world.* Therefore he must be spiritually prepared for open confession of his faith, and for active service in *every-day life as well as in* the Church congregation.[4]

The German Protestant Week at Hanover in August 1949, attended by three thousand from all over Germany and a similar number from local congregations, and meeting under the theme "The Church Is On the Move," was the relatively small beginning of a movement destined to grow and capture the imagination of religious people in many countries. Out of Hanover also developed the *Arbeitsgruppe* (Working Groups) of the Kirchentag: doctors, government officials, politicians, teachers, journalists, and other professional groups came together for study to relate the Christian faith to their professionalism. Out of this impulse also grew the Academies of the German Protestant Church, centres where both Christians and non-Christians sharing a common professionalism can discuss common problems of living and working, within a religious context. When twenty-five thousand participated throughout the Essen Kirchentag of 1950, and two hundred thousand people gathered for the final rally, it was clear that Kirchentag was catching the imagination of many German Christians. At the outset, the Kirchentag congresses were annual events. Berlin followed in 1951; Stuttgart, 1952; Hamburg, 1953; and Leipzig, 1954; then Frankfurt followed in 1956, Munich in 1959. Now they are biennial, Berlin again being the rendezvous in 1961, while the 1963 Kirchentag was held at Dortmund.

All these congresses have each followed a different theme, reflecting the pressures of the time and the needs of Christian people in response to them. At Essen the theme was evangelistic — "Save Mankind!"; at Berlin in 1951, a deep sense of spiritual unity was experienced in that divided city in a divided country, under the theme "In Spite of All, We Are Still Brothers." An emphasis on individual pastoral care and personal spirituality was to the fore at both Stuttgart ("Choose Life") and Hamburg ("Do Not Throw Away Your Faith"), and the need for prayer and Bible study to be central in any hoped-for Christian revival became an integral part of the Kirchentag's total concern.

Leipzig, 1954, with the theme "Joyful in Hope" was among the most remarkable Kirchentags ever held and perhaps the most memorable. To date, it has been the only all-German Kirchentag ever held in East Germany. The enthusiasm in fellowship of Christians from both parts of the

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 6

divided country established a spiritual bond above man-made frontiers and transcending human arguments over the respective merits and morals of communism and capitalism. Unfortunately, Cold War vicissitudes and the steady deterioration of relations between the respective governments at Bonn and East Berlin subsequently meant that thenceforth fewer and fewer East German Christians could attend the Kirchentags in the Federal Republic (however, they had their own local assemblies in the German Democratic Republic), and that the difficulties of organizing another all-German gathering in East Germany were insurmountable. At Munich in 1959 there were about a thousand East German participants, but since the building of the Berlin Wall in August 1961 movement from East to West has become impossible, and there were no East Germans at the Dortmund Kirchentag I attended in July 1963. To visit Germany today and to talk to lay Christians and pastors is to know that the German Churches are experiencing a deep fellowship of the spirit across man-made frontiers and walls, but it is tragic that this cannot be expressed in common assemblies.

Each Kirchentag has devoted its attention, within its broad theme, to specific problems and questions of contemporary living, in Germany and the West, and to some extent in the wider world also. Personal problems of the soul, family relations, questions of youth and marriage, political and industrial issues, social questions, the use of the mass media of radio and television — such are some of the topics discussed in the light of Christian belief. Yet the Kirchentag is not only the rather hectic five days of worship, Bible study, lectures, and group discussion, organized on a massive scale for anything up to fifty thousand full participants, with half a million for the final gathering, occurring every two years! It is only important, indeed can only happen, because it grows out of the life and work and needs of the local congregations throughout Germany. Local and area gatherings, study in the congregations, intense preparation at the level of the local church, are the Kirchentag-inspired continuing activities in the intervening two years between the great assemblies. No one can measure the real effect and value of such an extensive attempt to relate the Christian faith to the problems of every day within a single country.

Kirchentag is no longer a German movement alone. Almost as soon as it began, Christians from other European countries began to take notice and attend the assemblies, in ever-increasing numbers. Seventeen hundred ecumenical participants at Frankfurt in 1956 led to the recognition that the Kirchentag had permanently gone beyond national frontiers and had become an ecumenical and international event of the whole Church.[5] In

[5] At Munich 1959 and at subsequent Kirchentags, Ecumenical Centres were set up, interpreters provided, extra meetings in English and French held and simultaneous translation of some of the German speeches available.

this respect the Kirchentag reflects that same concern of Christian growing-together which animated both the Delhi World Council of Churches Assembly and Pope John XXIII's Ecumenical Council. The Kirchentag is also of international significance in that it has sparked off similar movements among Protestant Churches in several other countries — such as the *Rassemblements Protestants* in France, the "Churchdays" in Holland, and Kirk Week in Scotland. All these developments share the concern to educate Christian laity in their faith for responsible living in today's world.

Although the Kirchentag movement has gone from strength to strength it has retained throughout a healthy element of self-examination, especially on the question of its use of the mass meeting. Some foreign visitors to the Kirchentag find German mass rallies distasteful, because of the erstwhile Fascist associations of this method. Dr. von Thadden-Trieglaff's view has always been that in the mass meeting organized by the Church there should be true fellowship of man with man, not a "lonely crowd" — "we want to teach contemporary man to see in his neighbour, his colleague, his travelling companion in the crowd . . . his *fellow man.*"[6] However, at Dortmund in 1963 the number of mass meetings was greatly reduced and most of the study and discussion took place in small groups at churches, youth centres, cinemas, and other places. It was the first "decentralized" Kirchentag. It was also the first to begin every day's study of the themes ("Isolated in the World," "Organized in the World" and "Upheld in the World," all under the general heading "Living with Conflict") with films depicting human problems, which were subsequently treated in discussion and lectures from a Christian viewpoint. As one who has attended two Kirchentags and has closely followed the development of the movement, it is clear to me that the Kirchentag authorities, especially von Thadden-Trieglaff and Dr. Kurt Scharf, are alive to the danger of it becoming too institutionalized, and are determined that the concern for lay Christian witness will remain uppermost.

In the Kirchentag many *avant-garde* ideas can be aired, for the audience is certain to be sympathetic. Probably the most significant speech of the Dortmund gathering was one by a young Stuttgart radio producer, Hans Jürgen Schultz, whose view was that in contemporary civilization all ecclesiastical organization was outmoded and the Christian Church could only exist as innumerable cells of Christians amid the institutions of the world, serving the world by brotherly love. Declaring that the difference between the pretensions of Christianity and the reality of its practice was scandalous, he said that the Church conformed to the standards of the world and so had ceased to be a scandal and affront to men as Christ had

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[6] *Meet the Church*, p. 6.

been. I will always remember how five thousand people in one of Dortmund's vast sports halls thunderously applauded his clarion-call for a return to true Christianity in terms of sacrificial service to the world.

In purely human terms the German Kirchentag remains inexplicable. The deep spiritual hunger of post-1945 Germany, and, more recently, the special personal and moral problems arising from affluence, both called for a religious revival movement; the development of the Kirchentag is, to me, evidence of the working of the Holy Spirit of God in human affairs. It is surely a fact deeply expressive of the strange workings of the Divine Power that out of the nation which produced the terror and evil of Hitlerism has now come a movement of real religious challenge and spiritual commitment. In a divided Germany subjected to strong political pressures from both power blocs, the Kirchentag has maintained its independence and integrity and refuses to be used for propaganda purposes, and is determined to be a voice of prophetic utterance to West Germany, and if necessary beyond. German Protestantism has abandoned the disastrous theory of "the two realms." In the Kirchentag, German Christians seek to be the conscience of their society.

BRIAN G. COOPER

---

## IMMORTAL SPIRIT

There is in me a sovereign power
no act of mine could e'er disclaim;
no change of place, no gale-struck hour
dislodge it from its inmost aim.

WILLIAM EWART WALKER

---

# METAPHOR AND MODERNITY IN METAPHOR

[**Shri K. Viswanatham** pours out the riches of a mind at home in the literature of East and West in this long study of metaphor and its true place. In the first part, printed below, he argues that metaphor is not a superadded ornament but a mode of experience that lies at the heart of poetic creativeness. He repeats himself with a learned urgency, and his iteration is enlivened by a wealth of reference.—Ed.]

## I

Nobody uses fine language when teaching Geometry.

—*Rhetorica*

But man is what he eats and they are not bred
Flesh of our flesh, being unrelated
Experientially, fused in no emotive furnace.

—Bottrall

"Master," said Monkey, "I am a plain simple man and I do not understand that kind of patter. What do you mean by a prop in the wall?"

—Wu Cheng-en

When I speak of the modernity in a metaphor there is no implication that metaphor is of two kinds: ancient and modern. I only wish to illustrate metaphor as it is influenced by modern life. In one of the issues of *John O'London's* Teresa Hooley wrote: "There is no old writing or new, no ancient or modern poetry, only writing and poetry. To think otherwise would lead us not unnecessarily to expect the production of a new rose." Poetry is poetry, as Eliot remarks, and not another thing. But none can be blind to the fact that our environment was not the environment of Sophocles and that the atom bomb was unknown to Pericles.

Nightingales, Anangke, a sunset or meanest flower
Were formerly potentialities of poetry.

Now

Microscopic anatomy of ephemerides
Power house stacks, girder ribs provide a crude base

C. Day Lewis informs L. A. G. Strong:

The village has become a town or there is a railway line or a line of pylons running through the field, there are aeroplanes flying overhead, there is a public telephone booth beside the village green. All this the poet must try to absorb into his work, if it appeals passionately to his imagination.

Of course the mention of the magnetic line, blitz, quisling, D-day, or V-sign does not make the poetry modern any more than the mention of

the word "love" creates love. They should be emotively fused. The poetic heat is not the thermos heat insulated and preserved. Hence Eliot in an article in the *Adelphi*: "You cannot make poetry out of ideas too original."

"Modernity" is a word that makes one start upright from "a classic fatigue" and dab one's eyes with a kerchief. "As if a rose should shut and be a bud again" could have been written by any poet from Chaucer downwards. If you want to shock the jaded reader, you could write this: "These madrigals of water and the leaves' bright lutes." But

> Our wheels whirling with impetus elsewhere
> Generated we run, are ruled by rails

or

> The piston's infinite recurrence is
> night morning night and morning night and
> death and birth and death and birth

or

> The typist home at teatime cleans her breakfast,
> Lights her stove and lays out food in tins,

has the touch of modernity in it — one because of the sense data, the other because of the "time surrounds." A poem like *The Waste Land* could not have been constructed by a Milton. There is the time spirit about it like a cerecloth. This essay concerns itself with the sense data aspect, the influence of certain events like the war, certain portents like Freud, on the poet's imagery. Metaphor, simile, imagery are lumped together not merely on the authority of Aristotle but for convenience.

Henn, in his book on Longinus, considers Shakespeare's "Pity like a new-born babe . . ." etc. as an ambuscade as Chesterton does and that raises a lively question if metaphor is an ambuscade at all. Metaphor is not, though it can be in inferior hands, an ambuscade. All great poetry is heightened language but the heightening should be "distinguished without being obtrusive." In the appreciation of poetry a constant application of the theory of context is a golden procedure. It is the "configuration" that gives a fresh lease of life to the poet's perception. Metaphor is regarded by the Greek critic as a means "that gives style clearness, charm, and distinction as nothing else can"; in other words, as an ornament to be filigreed by the poet if the language is to be free from meanness. In two different ways two writers of recent times speak against this dictum. T. E. Hulme writes that ordinary speech is inaccurate and metaphor makes it accurate and precise. Metaphor is not so much a pendant as the power itself. I. A. Richards regards a command of metaphor as a command of life and a harmonious integration of tenor and vehicle resolves unbalanced fixations through "transference" for the ordering of the circuit of your soul. In

the words of Bradley, "our pretence to do without metaphor is a bluff to be called." The faith in the magical power of poetry to restore life itself to order is a Richardsian-Doxy. An organization of words presupposes an organization of life, and hence the need of poetry for this disease of modern life. "In the beginning was the Word."

Anyway, "the gift for metaphor is the greatest of all. This alone cannot be taught but is the mark of natural genius: for it implies an inborn eye for likeness." This need not be the mark of a genius, and Aristotle implies as much when he says that it is the closest to the vocabulary of common speech. Literal language is rare outside the central parts of science. (This is why Sprat considered metaphor one of the general mischiefs.) Metaphor has been called "the primitive symbolization of the abstract" or "the somewhat childish pleasure of glimpsing and implying simply that one thing is like another, in revealing unseen similarities between the unlikeliest in the vast tumbled treasure chest of the universe." It is not "childish," but an activity of the cognitive disposition which gives an entirely new view of figures:

She lit her glimmering tapers
Round the day's dead sanctities

or

Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight.

We have to revise our old notion of Figures. Grierson despairingly remarks: "I have never found a work which to my mind gave a simple and satisfactory explanation of the use of Figures." Figures have been always considered a box of paints or a toilette case or a casket of jewellery to enhance the beauty of poetry — like the professional letter-writer helping the Persian lover. This is a crude notion; to Daṇḍin *alaṃkāras* (Figures) are *dharmas* (Attributes) which are *kāvya-śobhākara,* i.e., enhancers of the beauty of poetry. The concept of an *alaṃkāra* implies an *alaṃkārya,* that which is to be adorned. In the light of the identity of Intuition and Expression, the old idea is elementary and silly. We can even say that Figures do not beautify Poetry; Poetry beautifies Figures. Figures are poetry; they are not extraneous and detachable. It is not precise to say that when *Rasa* is a Blaze of Glory, the *alaṃkāras* hide their diminished heads and partake of that poetic plenitude. Professor De has pointed to this flaw in Sanskrit aesthetics:

> The distinction between literary qualities and rhetorical ornaments as essential and non-essential is of no use in aesthetic realization; for, given a particular expression, the qualities are as much integral parts of it as figures

of speech. The expression should be taken not as a mechanic, but as an organic, whole in relation to the poetic intuition. As each individual expression selects its own appropriate qualities and ornaments it cannot be laid down that the expression should possess this and not possess that. From an æsthetic estimate there are no degrees of success also. Expression is not fixed and generic but variable and individual. (*New Indian Antiquary,* January-March, 1947)

It is unawareness of this identity of intuition and expression (expounded in Crocean aesthetics) that leads authors on poetics in the West and in Sanskrit to launch upon an elaborate classification of these figures, to advocate the theory of this or that as the basic one or of all as the "beautifiers" of poetry.

For all a Rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.

Vāmana held *upamā* (simile) to be the basis of all figures; to Appayyadīkṣita it is the actress on the stage of poetry; Bhāmaha considers *vakrokti* (indirect suggestion) as the source of all; to Mammaṭa *atiśayokti* (hyperbole) is the life principle of all figures; Daṇḍin votes for *samādhi* (rapture); others claim this privilege for even *śleṣa* (paranomasia). This solemn and silly game goes on even today in gatherings of dons or pandits—for instance the difference between *sūkṣma* and *anumāna.* Is there any validity for separating figures of speech (*śābdālaṃkāras*) from figures of thought (*arthālaṃkāras*), Tropes from Figures? Nāgoji thought that all figures were *ubhayālaṃkāras* (figures in both senses). Croce's chapter on Rhetoric in his *Aesthetics* is a knockout blow to this study in antiquity and Saintsbury in his *History of Criticism* seems to agree with the war cry of the Imagists: "Rhetoric! Wring its neck!" Some figures like *yamaka* and *anuprāsa* even cripple poetic flow because they are (to speak in terms of psychology) the replacing of the play of meanings by the chain of motor speech habits. Once more there arises, writes Saintsbury, the picture of a dismal sort of a literary laboratory, with the literary dispenser, his apron on and balance adjusted, taking a handful of this, two ounces of that, three drachmas of the other, and compounding a draught or a pill to be exhibited in the forum or the lecture room or the courts of justice as the case may be (*History of Criticism,* Vol. I, p. 301). It is higher aesthetics to say that all Figures are

(1) a mode of apprehension,
(2) the constitutive form of language,
(3) contributors to emotional precision,

and that behind all figures there are only two principles:

(1) comparison as in a simile,
(2) symmetry as in a climax.

It is said that Aristotle approached metaphor through genus-species; his followers fastened upon animate-inanimate; Cicero and the Renaissance thought in terms of the Domain of Thought; and the German School selected Dominant Trait. If the philosophic approach selects the idea content, the linguistic approach points out that most metaphors are nouns in Old English and verb metaphors abound in Middle English. These matters do not concern us here.

> Rhetoric is the greatest barrier [Professor C. S. Lewis observes finely] between us and our ancestors. . . . Nearly all our older poetry was written and read by men to whom the distinction between poetry and rhetoric, in its modern form, would have been meaningless. The "beauties" which they chiefly regarded in every composition were those which we either dislike or simply do not notice. This change of taste makes an invisible wall between us and them. . . . If ever this passion for formal rhetoric returns the whole story will have to be rewritten and many judgements may be reversed. (*History of Sixteenth-Century Literature*, p. 61)

The analysis of metaphor by Aristotle in the *Poetics* or Mammaṭa in the *Kāvyaprakāśa* or Quintilian in the *Institutio Oratorio* or Urban in *Language and Reality* or Willis in his *Philosophy of Speech* — is all vital and ingenious but does not touch the heart of the matter. Throughout the history of rhetoric, writes Richards, metaphor has been treated as a sort of happy extra trick with words, an opportunity to exploit the accidents of their versatility, something in place occasionally but requiring unusual skill and caution, in brief, a grace or ornament or added power of language, not its constitutive form (*The Philosophy of Rhetoric*). As Middleton Murry put it in *The Problem of Style* (p. 83), metaphor is no more ornamental than a man's Christian name. According to him an investigation of metaphor is an investigation of the genesis of thought and an abysm opens at our feet.

Metaphor is a mode of apprehension; it is an agent of knowledge. C. Day Lewis observes that it is a three-cornered relationship. The correspondence between the tenor (*upameya*) and the vehicle (*upamāna*) is the least part of the magic of metaphor. It is "a borrowing between, and intercourse of, thoughts, a transaction between contexts." According to Richards disparate and hitherto unconnected things are brought together in poetry for the sake of the effect upon attitude and impulse which springs from their collocation and from the combinations which the mind then establishes between them. Ideas shockingly distant get amazingly neighboured. The strain of the Labdacides gets mixed up with a smudge in a paper-cutting, and we wonder what on earth made a poet think of a baby sucking the nurse asleep when an aspic is dealing death. The co-presence of the vehicle and tenor results in a meaning (to be clearly distinguished from

the tenor) which is not attainable without their interaction — a meaning of more varied powers than can be ascribed to either. So terms like *tādātmya* or *adhyavasāya* or *āropa* or transference or identification, etc. can be comfortably shelved because we do not think in terms of super-imposition or non-indifference. Metaphor is apperception. By this operation, writes McDougall, are discovered all remote resemblances, all analogies, homologies, similes, metaphors. In fact it is an essential part of all the higher operations of the mind (*Outline of Psychology*, p. 388). Similar to McDougall's is the statement of Owen Barfield: "This ability to recognize significant resemblances and analogies considered as in action, I shall call knowledge; considered as a state and apart from the effort by which it is imparted and acquired I shall call it wisdom" (*Poetic Diction*, p. 31). So metaphor is not a pendant that becomes a power, not an ornament that becomes organic. It is always a power and organic. There are degrees of being organic. Shakespeare's romping herd of metaphors does not disconcert us because of the tempo of his plays. Images become proofs, as Coleridge wrote, of original genius only in so far as they are modified by a predominant passion. Fancy is coloured lights in a Christmas Tree; Imagination the consuming blaze in which the Figure is *Rasa* and *Rasa* is Figure. The division of metaphor into the Master's and the Pupils' by C. S. Lewis; Herbert Read's description of it as a swift illumination of equivalence; Hobbes' condemnation of it as an abuse of words; Eastman's analysis of it as "impracticable identification"; Max Müller's observation that it is the creation of a new concept by an old one — do not sufficiently recognize the paramountcy of metaphor. The only "N.B." one can make about metaphor is that it should not be a Giaconda smile. It is instinctive, as Murry points out, and a necessary act of the mind exploring reality and ordering experience, a conquest of reality. Language is no mere signalling system but an instrument of our development because words are meeting-places of tracts of experience which do not meet otherwise. In this sense a command of metaphor is a command of life.

Aristotle's warning against bad taste in metaphor has become a warning against Aristotle himself. His objection to the *Odyssey* being called the mirror of life is comically pedestrian. Aristotle remains in literary criticism, comments Hamilton Fyfe, the objective scientist and misses the obvious point that in the use of metaphor and of all poetic diction emotion is the sovereign antiseptic (*Aristotle's Theory of Poetry*, p. 57). Metaphor is a mob in the grip of excitement; relax the tension: it becomes the holidaying crowd of strayed revellers. Thomas Mendip in Fry's play is made to say: "What a wonderful thing is metaphor!" It is, indeed, if one understands Urban's sentence: Knowledge as a whole is a kind of simile (*Language and Reality*, p. 411). If used as a decorative device, it

may like Raphael submit to the supremacy of God and have a niche in the ideograph of poetry or like Satan rebel against Him and be a ruined archangel. What can it avail — the rebellion of the creature against the creator, of the fragrance against the flower, of the effect against the cause? Longinus's remark, that a figure is best when the very fact that it is a figure passes unnoticed, supports its being oned with creative energy.

K. VISWANATHAM

(*To be concluded*)

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## OLD CHINESE POEMS

These poems are like flowers
Whose perfume still
Delights the senses.
Time has been very kind
To their frail beauty and exotic charm;
They are rich in wisdom, contemplative, calm.
Like a bee, my mind sips honey.

HERBERT BLUEN

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# NO ROOM FOR PASSENGERS

[**Mr. Roy Bridger's** challenging article, "Like a Wolf on the Fold," appeared in our May issue. In this he illustrates with many examples (some of them rather grim) the subtle balance and interdependence of function by which forms of life are maintained. Elsewhere he has shown how human beings can consciously enter into harmony with this natural order with benefit both to themselves and other species.—ED.]

THE GIANT CRICKET of Equatorial Africa is a creature with a black shiny body like the cap of a fountain-pen and a spread of six legs sufficient to cover a tea-cup. It has no wings, but moves forward with a measured crawl. Like its cousin, the locust, it is an omnivorous eater, but it has been noticed that individuals are nervous of each other. There is good reason. If one of them happens to be wounded, another crawls forward and begins eating it. One of these insects has even been observed eating an injured individual which itself was eating into one still more injured.

These proceedings may not appeal to our ideas of fair play, and hardly fit in with the conception of the charm of nature. Such creatures as the giant cricket tend to be rejected as "nasty." Their world, although a living one, seems as alien as its non-living background. It is preferable to contemplate more presentable species — the inoffensive ladybird, the teddy-bear koala, the stock-dove cooing drowsily in the depths of the wood — which suggests a Mother Nature with a kind and reassuring smile.

At the opposite extreme is the tendency to see in nature nothing but a ruthless struggle for survival, a barely concealed dance of death in which man must do his plundering and killing like the rest.

The truth is that both these pictures are blurred. Other species exist neither to constitute a picturesque setting for mankind nor to provide raw materials for human exploitation. Their first purpose, once they have secured sufficient food to maintain themselves, is the continuation of their own species.

While a species may make a temporary increase in numbers, sooner or later it runs into its "ceiling." One of the fundamental principles animating the panorama of life must be equilibrium between species, since the progeny of a single pair, unless checked, would eventually cover the earth.

As a clear-cut example of the "balance of nature" there is the relationship between the digger wasp *Pepsis* and its chief prey, the formidable tarantula spider. The spider, an otherwise ugly customer, invariably submits to the lethal advances of the wasp; its survival as a species is ensured by its being more prolific than the wasp.

Modern nature study has done much to dispel erroneous notions about the so-called "freedom" of wild life. It is realized today that movement

is not so much along an open road as within a set of tram-lines. Even the seagull, whose "wide wings that weary never" symbolized for Swinburne freedom from the restrictions of living-space, has been shorn of its glamour. "The majority of oceanic birds," states a modern textbook, "are bound like peons to their own specific types of surface water."

On any given area of uncultivated land a steady equilibrium tends to settle. The same indigenous plants come up year after year, the same migrants arrive at the same established times. In the depths of the sea a similar orderliness has been found to prevail. "Day after day, and from dive to dive," says Philippe Diolé, the aqualung pioneer, in *The Undersea Adventure,* "the same grouper and moray can be seen at the same hole, the same octopus lying in wait by its rocky hollow, the same group of sargues exercising in the same patch of sea."

In nature it is a case of hair-spring precision — always. Nesting black-headed gulls can be provoked to attack when the head of another gull is shown — but when a body without a head is shown, no response is elicited. Herring-gull chicks respond to visual models of the parent's head and beak, but the beak has to point downwards; a horizontal beak provokes no response. The colour of the beak is unimportant, but it must have a red spot on the lower mandible.

Although with the passing of time the activating machinery of nature may become concealed by a disarming diffidence, it nevertheless remains firmly in control. It seems to be a further characteristic of the life force to strive to establish itself, on a long-term time scale, to the best advantage, through conflicting species which must all bow to this never-ending compulsion.

In most circumstances it is possible to add, sometimes considerably, to what ecologists call the "biomass," the total weight of organic matter, both living and in decay. The benefits of increases in primary vegetation and herbivores are passed along the food chain to the carnivores.

On the exposed island of Grassholm, in the Bristol Channel, nature unaided has used the limited resources available so successfully that "over many centuries it has formed a soil rich in organic matter which is so soft that a man sinks into it at every stride" (E. M. NICHOLSON: *Britain's Nature Reserves*).

On the mist-clad Pacific slopes of Oregon, luxuriating in an annual rainfall of 140 inches, stands the mighty Olympic rain forest, believed to contain the greatest weight of living matter per acre in the world.

Under nature's dispensation the species which cannot modify itself in accordance with the demands of a changing environment becomes liable to extinction. On the other hand, adaptation or a long run of favourable conditions can prolong the life of a species indefinitely. The tree-ferns

held their ground for a hundred million years, and one member of the family, the gingko, survived the glacial period into modern times.

Every species has its potential outlines of maximum success. The chances of attaining them depend on the conditions encountered by the individual and on its powers for dealing with them. Although a species may be enjoying its optimum conditions, every individual in it will not necessarily meet them.

At first sight it might seem that different species possess varying degrees of toughness. Many of the commoner creatures and plants would seem to have a sort of utilitarian coarseness by means of which they survive all vicissitudes. Again, however, appearances are being deceptive. Eventually toughness would have to be conceded to them all. They would never have come through otherwise. The smallest and rarest of birds are every bit as hardy, in relation to their own particular environment, as the crow. What causes rareness of species is rareness of habitat. If sparrows and rats are abundant, it is because the conditions under which they thrive are provided so profusely. But destroy a habitat, and the capacity to survive is at once undermined.

The swift which has unique scythe-shaped wings for rapid flight at high altitudes in pursuit of its food, is constrained by its own flight character to nest only in sites with ample approach room. Remove such sites, and swifts will be left without a niche.

Conversely, preserve a habitat, and the appropriate species will dig themselves in. If an opening is offered, it will be filled. The inventor of a small mass-produced device for incorporating animal manure with the soil would claim, and deserve, a fortune. The opportunity, however, has already been taken up. The scarab beetle lays its eggs in animal manure, which it makes into a ball and rolls into a hole in the ground. In the termite, nature possesses a tireless servant for the removal of dead wood and for the performance in tropical climates of that function which in temperate zones is exercised by the earthworm — aeration of the soil.

The world of nature carries no free passengers. All creatures have their specific jobs to do. Some organisms are given their keep in return for services rendered. In plants, one example of what is called "symbiosis" is the bargain whereby nitrogen-fixing bacteria on leguminous plants are supplied by the plants with carbohydrates in return for nitrogen compounds. Lichens, which play an important part in the first stages of colonization from rock, are comprised of an alga and a fungus in symbiosis. The alga, by possessing chlorophyll, is able to manufacture carbohydrates from carbon dioxide by photosynthesis. These are passed on to the fungus, which in turn provides the alga with water containing nutrient salts.

The termite is held to an inescapable symbiotic contract. Although it

is excellent at removing dead wood, it cannot digest it. Digestion is carried out by an internal protozoa, which draws a portion of the substance for itself.

The Egyptian plover and the crocodile, the tick-bird and the rhinoceros, and the egret and cattle, are examples of what is called "cleaning symbiosis." Some birds associated with grazing animals of the African savanna derive from them not only their food but coarse hair for nesting.

Undersea research has shown that cleaning symbiosis occurs widely throughout the marine world. In the sea the cleaning of host fishes of their parasites and decaying tissues by species specializing in this activity appears to be a top-bracket prestige profession. The remarkable thing is that there seems to be a sort of civic awareness of the valuable services the barber species are preparing to make available. Those in need of attention lose no time in seeking out the barbers, which in turn usually adopt bright colours in order to make their presence known. They do more. They set up recognized places of business such as rocky points and coral reefs, to which host fishes from a wide area make their way. Some fishes pass regularly between one health centre and another. Rendering so deeply appreciated a service should be expected to confer immunity, and in fact this is so well established that other species have come to mimic the cleaners. In some cases there may be more in it than mere immunity, as some mimics prey on the fish that mistake them for cleaners.

A sharply defined example of the matching of a species and the habitat which suits it best is the way in which the books are balanced in vulture country.

The vulture must have a supply of unburied putrefying corpses. Before he can eat them, he must first find them. But dead animals are not thick on the ground, and to command the widest possible territory the vulture must fly very high. To soar to ten thousand feet under his own power would call for far more calories than he would get from the meat secured. So he has to wait. He waits for the sun and the ascending thermal currents, and once the upstream is strong enough he takes off from his crag. In half an hour he has spiralled up to his station.

Even with telescopic eyes, one vulture alone cannot encompass the whole landscape. In any case a single vulture would not be an adequate scavenging unit. The enterprise has to be a co-operative one, involving not only more than one vulture but more than one species of vulture and other scavenging species as well.

When the vulture arrives at his station, he finds his neighbours already in position, dotted across the sky at intervals of about a mile, circling slowly and in silence. The whole network is interdependent. Circling signifies that nothing has been sighted. When one starts to fall, however,

the others close in.

The system could be time-consuming if mistakes were made. But the vulture does not make mistakes. The animals have their place and hour of rest, and they rest together. When a vulture sees an animal lying alone, he is seeing something to note. Next time, he will be on the look-out. Again and again he sails over, circling a little lower. The other vultures move over a little. Still no sign of life from the corpse. The first vulture is very low. His shadow sweeps the ground. The carcase will not be there for long.

The big griffon vultures gorge themselves to capacity. High above, newcomers are circling, assessing the prospects. But when the feasters have worked through to the skeleton with their heavy beaks, there is little more scope for their kind. Now it is the turn of the little Egyptian vultures, already dodging nimbly through the departing throng. With their long and delicate beaks they are able to attack the skull and joints. Then come the kites. On the outskirts, ravens and crows are waiting for any chance morsel that offers. Soon nothing is left but the bones.

Even these are not left for long. The aloof and fierce lammergeier has been watching the scene. The Spanish peasants call him "Quebrantahuesos" — the bone-smasher. He seizes the largest of the bones and carries them off to the high rocks, where he breaks them up and rakes out the marrow.

Nothing now remains but the tiniest fragments, picked over by ants and carrion beetles.

ROY BRIDGER

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NATURE, to be commanded, must be obeyed.

—FRANCIS BACON

# THE DANCE DRAMAS OF MELATTUR

[**Dr. S. V. Joga Rao, M.A., Ph.D.**, Lecturer, Telugu Department, Andhra University, Waltair, writes a comprehensive and thorough introduction to a dance-drama form localized in Melattur, where it has become closely knit with the communal religious life.—Ed.]

Melattur, a village in the Tanjore district of Tamilnad, has long been a much venerated centre for the dance-drama tradition, like Kuchipudi in the Krishna district of Andhra Pradesh. At both places Brahmin Bhagavatars have been customary votaries of this great art and pursued it with amateur zest and professional skill and scientific discipline and traditional chastity. Even today the tradition is kept alive at Melattur and every year on the occasion of Nṛsiṁha Jayanti, which falls on the fourteenth day of the bright half of the Vaiśākha month, plays are staged with all the traditional grandeur.

During the glorious days of the Vijayanagar Empire, Telugu Nayak principalities were established at Madura and Tanjore, which, after the fall of Vijayanagar in the battle of Rakshasa-Tangadi in 1565, became centres of attraction for artists from all over Andhra. The Tanjore Nayak kings, particularly, extended a hearty patronage to the displaced poets, scholars, dramatists, dancers, and musicians. Their courts appeared as epitomes of the Imperial Court, and munificent grants were made in favour of artists. Melattur is one of such grants given to Brahmin scholars as an *agrahāra* during the reign of Achyutappa Nayak (A.D. 1561-1614). Raghunātha (1614-32), and Vijayarāghava (1633-73), his illustrious successors on the Tanjore throne, were great patrons of arts and letters. During their times and afterwards during the period of Maratha rule at Tanjore (1684-1855), the people's theatre flourished. The Nayaks of Madura, the Odayars of Mysore, and the Tondaimans of Pudukkot also extended their patronage to it. Theatres were maintained in royal places and hundreds of works, fashioned after *Yakṣagānas,* were produced by the court poets and the kings themselves. Most of these are in Telugu. Courtesans were the usual exponents of these plays. Perhaps on account of this activity around them, the Brahmin Bhagavatars of Melattur also took to composing and presenting such plays with better equipment.

Dance is the essential feature of their plays, which are styled the Bhagavata Mela Natakas, and Venkatarama Shastri is held in wide esteem as the founder of this tradition at Melattur, as Siddhendra Yogi is, as the founder of the Kalāpa tradition at Kuchipudi. He was a Telugu Brahmin, the son of Gopala Krishnarya, a disciple of Lakshmanarya, a worshipper of Nṛsiṃha (Viṣṇu in the Man-lion Incarnation) and above all a great adept in the arts of dance and music. He is believed to have lived in the

latter half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries.[1]

The following is the list of his compositions: (1) *Prahlāda-caritra*; (2) *Rukmāṅgada-caritra*; (3) *Mārkaṇḍeya-caritra*; (4) *Uṣā-pariṇayaṃ*; (5) *Hariścandra*; (6) *Sītā-kalyāṇaṃ*; (7) *Rukmiṇī-kalyāṇam*; (8) *Kaṃsavadha*; (9) *Śivarātri-nāṭakaṃ*; (10) *Satsaṅgarāju-nāṭakaṃ*; (11) *Asatsaṅgarāju-nāṭakaṃ*; (12) *Jagallīlā-nāṭakaṃ*. All these are in the Telugu language and unpublished so far. The manuscripts of some of these are available with the Bhagavatars of Melattur and Sulamangalam, and pieces of some are available in the Saraswati Mahal Library, Tanjore.[2] The first five plays of the above list have made a mark in actual performance.

The general technique of composition in these plays is as follows. Every work, in the beginning, has a *Kanda padya,* a title verse and a *dvipada* (couplet) indicating the theme and the authorship in brief. Gaṇapati's appearance on the stage following an encomium precedes the beginning of the story. The introduction of the characters is usually made in a *Sandhivacana* (linking speech, often in prose), often an announcement, followed by a *dvipada* and a *daru* (song) with description of the characters. There is no division of the plot into acts or scenes. *Sandhivacanas* form the connecting links of the several stages of action in the play. Direct dialogue in prose between the characters and monologues or soliloquies are also found, but frequently dialogue is conducted in *darus* and *dvipadas*. The works end with a *phala-śruti* and a *mangala-gīta*. *Dvipadas* and *darus* occupy a prominent place in these compositions. A variety of verses, a few *ślokas,* and *cūrṇikas* in Sanskrit are present. The *darus* are in popular *rāgas* like Āhiri, Mukhāri, Useni, Bilahari, Mōhana, Punnāgavarāli, Pantuvarāli, Kalyāṇi, Devagāndhāri, Madhyamāvati, Suraṭi, etc. and the *tālas* used are Ādi, Chāpu, Rūpaka, etc. These works display a good deal of musicological value. The author created a number of models for many rare *rakti-rāgas*. He shows his preference for Āhiri and Mukhāri and moulds one in a variety of *sañcāras* (movements) to suit a variety of sentiments. Professor Raghavan says[3] that Venkatarama Shastri shows a remarkable skill in the Useni *swarajati* (permutations of rhythm-patterns). His style is lucid all through.

The tradition and technique of presentation of these plays have a classical air about them, which bears a likeness to that of the Kuchipudi. We do not know whether Venkatarama Shastri was a descendant of the Kuchipudi Bhagavatar community or whether the Kuchipudi performers visited South India, but neither is an impossibility.

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[1] Shri Subbarama Dikshitar writes in the *Saṅgīta Sampradāya Pradarśinī* that Venkatarama Shastri lived in the times of Sarfoji and Shivaji. They were Maratha rulers of Tanjore during 1798–1855.

[2] Telugu MSS. Nos. 582, 673, 799, 802, and 803.

[3] *Vide Journal of the Music Academy*, Vol. XVII, Parts I–IV, pp. 148–59.

These Bhagavata Mela Natakas take place during the month of Vaiśākha, in the spring season, continuously for five or six days with one day's interval. The series commences with *Prahlāda-caritra* on Nṛsiṃha Jayanti, perhaps on account of Shastri's particular reverence to Nṛsiṃha. Kuchipudi performers also attach much importance to their *Prahlāda-nāṭaka.*

At the time of the spring festival, a huge pavilion is erected in front of the temple of Varadarāja, the presiding deity of Melattur, and feasts are held in it for people coming from neighbouring villages to witness the plays. The stage is constructed facing the deity. In the evening an idol of the deity is taken out in procession in all pomp and with Upaniṣadic chants. The garlands used in the decoration of the idol are worn by the actors of the show the same night. Colour values are strictly adhered to in their costume and make-up. The styles of the Tanjore princes are imitated for royal roles. Masks are used for characters like Vināyaka, Nṛsiṃha, Brahmā, the demons, etc., as in the case of the Kuchipudi performances. The Nṛsiṃha mask is kept in daily *pūjā* (ritual worship) throughout the year. Some of the roles have been conventionally made proud privileges of particular actors and their heirs. A pipe, drum, and a kind of mouth-organ are the principal musical accompaniments. The *Sūtradhāra* handles cymbals.

The play begins at about ten o'clock in the night. The back-stage party consists of two Bhagavatars to conduct the play, three musicians and the *Granthika* or *Prasaṅgī,* the prompter. The chorus gives the lead and the Bhagavatars read out *ślokas* in praise of Puṇḍarīka. Then Kōṇangi, a buffoon in appearance, but a *mahābhakta* (great devotee) in reality, perhaps a symbolic representation of Hanuman, appears on the stage, welcomes the congregation to the spring festival, and departs. Then follows the recital of the *Todaimaṅgalaṃ.*[4] Every *kīrtan* in this is duly preceded by a *jati,* a *śabda,* and a *kaustubha.* All this constitutes the prologue.

Afterwards, the *Granthika* recites the introductory *dvipada* in a *rāgamālika* (mixture of several *rāgas*) and indicates the entrance of Ganapati in a *jati.* Bhagavatars invoke him in song, and a boy in the guise of Gaṇapati comes dancing on to the stage, takes the offerings made by the priests, and goes off. Soon after him, the *Kaṭṭiyakāran* or the Royal pilot appears on the stage in the same manner. He does not appear in the *Mārkaṇḍeya-caritra,* perhaps on account of its lacking the character of a King. It has the character of a *Koravañji* or Woman Soothsayer instead. The entrance of almost every character on to the stage is significantly done in the above

[4] This is a set of five beautiful *kīrtanas* composed in Telugu by the famous Tallapakam poets of Tirupati (fifteenth and sixteenth century). It has been a long-standing custom in South India to begin all sacred performances with this.

manner and the *début* of the heroine is a speciality. Men alone take the roles of women in these plays, and it is the same with Kuchipudi ones. One who takes the role of the heroine is expected to exhibit unique skill in dancing. At the very first appearance he must successively perform *Allārippu, Mey, Tillāna* and *Śaukkavarṇaṃ,* culminating in a *Tīrmāna.*

The business of the *Prasaṅgi* is to read the *sandhivacanas* and the *dvipadas* intended for descriptions. The dialogues in *dvipadas* and verses are given by the actors concerned. But in the *darus,* the *Sūtradhāra* or the stage manager takes the lead, the chorus party sings the full text, and the actors simply dance to their tunes expounding the meaning by appropriate gestures. This is because it would be an immense difficulty to sing and dance at the same time. In this particular context, the practice of these plays resembles that of the Kathakali, the famous pantomime of Kerala. The stage manager introduces every character to the audience by putting questions as to its identity and purpose, and ever and anon comments upon the events of the story.

The stage conventions laid down by Bharata proscribing scenes of death, dining, etc., are observed in the Melattur and the Kuchipudi plays alike. In both, the actor who plays the role of Nṛsiṃha keeps a fast for the whole of the day on which *Prahlāda-nāṭaka* is to be put on the boards. In both, the play lasts till daybreak, and then the party of the performers offers *pradakṣiṇa* and *dīpārādhanā* (the rites of circumambulation and waved lamps) to the deity, goes round the village singing in Bhūpāla, the famous *udaya-rāga* (sung at sunrise), and is well received and honoured by the residents in their respective houses. All this shows that the Kuchipudi and the Melattur plays have many traits in common. Both are organized by Brahmin parties with similar traditions. The one main difference is that the Kuchipudi party tours all over the country whereas the Melattur party is not inclined to go out. Some more Brahmin parties, following the example of Melattur, sprouted on the blessed soil of the neighbouring villages like Sulamangalam, Uttukkadu, Saliyamangalam, Nallur and Tevappermal-nallur. Thus the tradition of the Bhagavata Mela Nataka spread wider. These plays are essentially for the people, of communal religious significance, and not to win the favour of any king or patron.

The Sulamangalam party is next to Melattur in eminence. They stage the Koravañji besides Venkatarama Shastri's plays. For purposes of humour and popular appeal, they have introduced the characters of Koravan and Koratti, the soothsayer couple; Karakam, the priest of the village deity; Kuḍuhuḍuppanḍi, the brawling oracle; Kappal and Gañjin, a pair of Muslim clowns. They appear in almost all the plays heedless of any thematic context. Their conversation runs in Tamil. Uttukkadu had a

tradition of its own even before Venkatarama Shastri. Plays like *Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa-vilāsaṃ, Pārvatī-pariṇayaṃ,*[5] *Bhāmā-kalāpaṃ* and *Golla-kalāpaṃ* used to be performed. The word *kalāpaṃ* reminds us of Kuchipudi. It is a play noted for gesture dance and is something of an *Uparūpaka* in structure. The two types of Kalāpaṃ have been much in vogue since the seventeenth century. Venkatarama Shastri might have had a knowledge of them and drawn his inspiration from them. All these works are in Telugu. But in Kuṭṭanūr, the Tamil *Rukmāṅgada* used to be played consecutively for seven nights. The Nallur Bhagavatars depend upon the *Abhinaya-darpaṇa,* the *Bhāvaprakāśa,* and the *Rasamañjarī* for their knowledge and practice in the art of dance and for their aesthetics.

Long ago Bharata's *Nātya Śāstra* laid the foundations for the Indian tradition of dance and drama which has been kept alive through ages by the Devadāsi community. Most of their teachers were Brahmin scholars. Some such scholars, not satisfied with mere teaching, might have had a fancy to give performances themselves. Dāmodaragupta, a Kashmiri Sanskrit poet of the ninth century A.D., makes mention of such a party of Brahmin entertainers. Professor Raghavan says that the type of play mentioned in his *Kuṭṭanīmata* (*Śloka* 800) corresponds closely to conditions available in South India.[6]

He is of the opinion that the South Indian tradition of the Bhagavata Mela-nāṭaka has been pretty old and associated with the Ariya Kūttu, a kind of dance drama that was in vogue during the days of the Chola kings of Tanjore, where temples were the venue and Brahmins the advocates, of theatrical activity. He quotes two Chola inscriptions wherein Ariya Kuttu is mentioned.[7] *Silappadigāraṃ,* the famous Tamil classic of a much earlier age, mentions it as one of the ten types of *Kūttu,* meaning dance or drama. It can be gathered from the second of the aforesaid inscriptions that an Ariya-Kūttu play is divided into seven acts. No such division is found in the Melattur plays. "*Ariya Kūttu*" may have been a Tamil term for the Aryan, i.e., Sanskrit drama, and not an indigenous type at all.

*Nṛtya* (dance) being its essential feature, the Bhagavata Mela Nataka might be something of an *Uparūpaka.* The *Uparūpakas* may have been the native types of plays belonging to various parts of the country. Bharata mentions none in his *Nātya Śāstra. Bhāvaprakāśa* defines the largest number, and, curiously enough, its author Śāradātanaya (A.D. 1175-1250) is said

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[5] I have seen the Uttukkadu MS. of this work, in Grantha script which is with Professor V. Raghavan and found it and the MS. No. 166 of the Telugu Academy to be MSS. of the same work. It is the composition of Nudurupāti Venkanna, a Telugu poet of the court of Rāyaraghunātha Tondaiman of Pudukkottai.

[6] See his essay on Yakṣagāna in *Triveni,* Vol. VII. No. 2.

[7] Tanjore inscriptions : 154 of 1895 and 120 of 1925.

to have been a South Indian,[8] and his work is an authority for the Nallur Bhagavatars.

It is believed that Jayadeva intended his *Gītagōvinda* for dance recital also and that it stands as a model to the *Bhāma-kalāpa* of Siddhendra-Yogi of Kuchipudi and the *Śrīkṛṣṇalīlā-taraṇginī* of Nārāyaṇa Tīrtha. We do not know how far the Kuchipudi performances prior to Siddhendra were rich in the element of dance, but his *kalāpa* is rich in the art of gesture. The *Tarangas* of Nārāyana Tīrtha have been as famous as the *Aṣṭapadis* of Jayadeva and of paramount significance in dance recitals in Andhra and Tamilnad. Nārāyana Tīrtha, who was originally a native of the Godavari district in Andhra, lived at Melattur for some time round about A.D. 1700, and there composed a musical play called *Pārijātāpaharaṇa* in Telugu. Trayimmaṇa Tampi, the eminent exponent of Kathakali, was the contemporary of Melattur Venkatarama Shastri. It is possible that Venkatarama Shastri had a fair knowledge of all the aforesaid things.

*Bhāgavata* means a devotee, *Mela* a party, and *nāṭaka* a play. These plays, as they are performed by parties of *bhaktas* and draw their themes mainly from the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavata,* deserve the name very well. Though chiefly intended for the common man's entertainment, they are not of a common order in technique and content. An art form which is aristocratic in nature and is at the same time within the easy reach of the common man is the best of all media of culture, and the Bhagavata Mela Nataka is one such medium.[9]

S. V. Joga Rao

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[8] *Vide* Introduction to *Bhāvaprakāśa.* (Baroda Ed., 1930).

[9] I acknowledge my indebtedness to information and MSS. given by Shri M. Swaminatha Bhagavatar and Shri R. Kalyana-ramayyar, the Sulamangalam Bhagavatars; Professor Raghavan's essay on the subject in the *Journal of the Indian Society of Oriental Arts,* the Shri Coomaraswamy Commemoration Volume and "The Music of the Nṛtya Natakas of South India" (Thesis submitted for M. Litt. By Smt. K. Gomati, Madras University Library). My hearty thanks to all these informants and writers.—S.V.J.R.

# THE POETRY OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

[**Mr. Herbert Bluen** is well known to our readers. He offers a joined biographical and critical introduction to the strange brilliance and uncanny achievement of Edgar Allan Poe.—Ed.]

Different poets satisfy different moods and we should therefore be extremely cautious in our final appraisal of them. If we are jaded by city life we shall probably find solace in the poems of Wordsworth, Cowper, or Edmund Blunden because they are magic gateways leading to the heart of the country. If, however, we weary of rural charms we shall probably find stimulation in the urban sophistication of the poems of Alexander Pope. The poetry of Edgar Allan Poe, like the music of Debussy, is most likely to harmonize with those moods of reverie when we yearn for some mystical withdrawal from an oppressive reality. Much of it has more sound than sense and its chief merit is in its subtle suggestiveness. It has no message, and to appreciate it fully we should allow ourselves to be lulled deliciously by its hypnotic cadences. The melancholy which pervades it may be partly explained by the tragic circumstances of Poe's life and partly by the following remarks from his essay "The Philosophy of Composition":

> Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.

Poe was born in Boston on 19 January 1809, and, his parents dying young, he was adopted by a wealthy Mr. Allan who brought him to England and sent him to school at Stoke Newington where he remained for about five years. In 1822 he returned to the United States, attending first the Academy at Richmond and then the University at Charlottesville, where his intellectual brilliance was marred by his eccentricities and intemperance and resulted in his expulsion. After a disagreement with his stepfather and a brief sojourn in Greece Poe returned home and became reconciled to him. He then entered West Point Military Academy as a cadet; but he did not remain long before being cashiered for neglect of duty. After one or two more unfortunate adventures Poe managed to obtain employment of a literary nature and then married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, a beautiful girl as poor as himself, who died young. He proceeded to quarrel with influential people prepared to advance his career and his life was henceforward overshadowed by poverty.

Poe believed that a poem should be short, and in his essay, "The Poetic Principle," he writes:

> That degree of excitement which would entitle a poem to be so called at

all, cannot be sustained throughout a composition of any great length.

Admirers of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey,* Wordsworth's *Prelude* and Milton's *Paradise Lost* will disagree with this view. It really all depends on the poet. One expresses himself best briefly; another needs a more spacious "canvas." Undoubtedly, however, the long poem is no longer fashionable; for today's readers, living in a very hurried world, prefer terseness to verbosity.

Poe is far from being a prolific poet, but his finest poems, which have a mystical quality, all bear the stamp of a unique genius. The influence of other poets is slight, although now and then we hear echoes of Shelley, and, to come to recent times, some of the poems of Walter De La Mare have echoes of Poe.

To some extent Poe relies upon onomatopoeia, as, for example, in "The Bells," in which he refers

> To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
> From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
> Bells, bells, bells —
> From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Poe is not only a master of word-music; his metrical skill is also superb, and these qualities are strikingly embodied in his famous poem "The Raven." Astonishing as it may seem, "The Raven" is not the product of white-hot inspiration but of intense labour, and in his essay "The Philosophy of Composition" Poe describes how he wrote it:

> It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referable either to accident or intuition — that the work proceeded, step by step, to its completion with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem.

In "The Raven" as in some of his other poems, Poe uses alliteration to an almost Swinburnian degree and also a subtle form of internal rhyme:

> And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
> Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before. . . .

The poem's vagueness seems of no consequence; for, as in Poe's most characteristic poems, its chief merit is in its suggestiveness and we experience a subtle sense of satisfaction in having our imagination tantalized by the Raven's enigmatical "Nevermore."

The end of a poem is usually the hardest part to write, for it must be an effective climax. In "The Raven" Poe succeeds magnificently and bequeaths to us a final haunting vision of the bird:

> And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
> And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadows on the floor. . . .

Women in Poe's poetry nearly always appear as being too ethereal or goddess-like for earthly existence. His fifteen lines "To Helen" are as exquisite as the classic beauty they eulogize, and "Annabel Lee," in which a disconsolate lover visits his beloved nightly "In her tomb by the sounding sea," is a perfect example of his gift for melodious language.

"The City in the Sea" describes a weird city of the dead. Its "open fanes and gaping graves" yawn level with the surrounding sea, whose waters are afflicted by a hideous calm. The sun never shines on the city.

> But light from out the lurid sea
> Streams up the turrets silently —

We are left with a vision of the city doomed and sinking beneath the waves.

Poe has an uncanny faculty for creating an atmosphere of doom. In, for example, his poem "The Haunted Palace" we are told that it stood in the greenest of green valleys, that bright banners floated from its roof, and that it was tenanted by good angels. But the palace is assailed by "evil things, in robes of sorrow," and travellers passing by now see at its windows

> Vast forms, that move fantastically
> To a discordant melody,

"Dreamland" is one of Poe's most vivid poems. If we try to reduce it to terms of hard common sense we shall get nowhere; but if we allow our imaginations to be borne aloft on the wings of his words we shall reach a strange haunted land where the traveller finds himself amid fantastic and awe-inspiring scenery.

The apparent meaninglessness of some of Poe's poems, such as "Ulalume," might be of interest to the modern psychologist with his faculty for probing the secret recesses of the mind; for the meaninglessness is a revelation of only one side of Poe's nature, as all who read his *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* will realize. These show an amazing capacity for logical deduction and analysis of human motive. Poe is in many respects a poetical pioneer and his poetry foreshadows the work of modern poets such as Dylan Thomas, who like himself sometimes rely to a greater extent on the sound and suggestion of words than on their actual meaning.

Henry James, the distinguished nineteenth-century novelist and critic and a fellow countryman of Poe, considered the latter's poetry valueless. But James, we should remember, was a sophisticated realist and it is possible therefore that he was temperamentally out of sympathy with Poe's unworldly muse. On the other hand, the late George Saintsbury, the emi-

nent English critic, though not unaware of Poe's foibles and limitations as a poet, praises him generously. Besides Henry James, Poe met with the hostility of other American contemporaries who were offended by the disdain with which he treated their own work and seized every opportunity to vent their spite upon him, but Poe had a haughty nature which was revealed in his aristocratic features. He stubbornly refused to curry favour and he was not afraid to criticize harshly when he considered it necessary. He could, however, be generous with his praise; for he expressed the opinion that Tennyson was "the noblest poet that ever lived," and although he saw blemishes in the work of Elizabeth Barrett Browning he bestowed high praise on it also. He was considered one of the best scholars in America and a study of his critical essays will reveal the care and perspicacity with which they are written. Nobody was a more fervent admirer of Poe's work than the French poet, Charles Baudelaire, whose fine translation of it into French enhanced considerably his own reputation. It is interesting therefore to compare the two poets. They certainly have something in common for, like the author of *Les Fleurs du Mal,* whose poems are also mostly short, Poe was fascinated by the glittering splendours of distant lands drowsing beneath a torrid sun; but Baudelaire is essentially a sophisticated Parisian whereas Poe is essentially a dreamer of strange dreams; and this difference of temperament is reflected in much of their work. In their lives, however, we once more see a parallel, for Baudelaire's life was as tragic as Poe's, and it must be admitted that both poets were largely the architects of their own misfortunes.

Poe died on 8 October 1849. His poems, with one or two exceptions, are doubtless more for the connoisseur than for the "man in the street," but their strange and haunting music and the visions they conjure up are a unique and permanent contribution to literature.

HERBERT BLUEN

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Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood
there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting; dreaming dreams no mortal
ever dared to dream before.

—EDGAR ALLAN POE

# NEW BOOKS AND OLD

## ABOUT "THE CENTRAL BOOK OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION"*

WE ARE accustomed to a high standard of achievement when one of the two leading universities in England carries out a project; and this volume comes up to our expectations.

The Bible is the central book of Western civilization, which has Christianity as its core. A connected history of the Holy Book in all its aspects was much to be desired. The history is designed in two volumes, from Jerome to the Renaissance, edited by Professor G. W. H. Lampe and the second, from the Reformation to the present day, edited by Professor S. L. Greenslade. Together they will give a complete account of the text, the translations, and the interpretation of the Bible from the Vulgate to the New English Bible. As often happens in such corporate ventures, the second part is ready before the first.

The volume is divided into twelve chapters and deals with the Bible in the Reformation; Biblical scholarship; Continental versions; English versions; the Bible in the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant Churches; modern Biblical scholarship, including "higher criticism"; and some valuable appendixes which give valuable information regarding grammars, lexica, and the like for professional students. In planning, the volume is adequate; it is replete with scholarship; and it is not heavy in style. It is a gift in pleasing form to divers minds seeking divers goals.

In a brief review we can take up matters of general interest only, and I shall select Chapter VIII, "The Rise of Modern Biblical Scholarship and Recent Discussion of the Authority of the Bible" by Professor A. Richardson (Nottingham), and the Epilogue by the Editor as the best illustrations of the scope of the volume.

Professor Richardson, in his outstanding contribution, first deals with the rise of modern biblical scholarship. The two movements which deserve our attention are the scientific revolution in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and the historical revolution in the nineteenth century. The ordinary reader cannot read the Torah and the Gospels without the aids of "higher criticism" and "historical theology." Both to some extent are rejected by the Catholic Church, which has its own principles of authoritative interpretation, and the loss is that of the ordinary reader who cannot hope to understand his religion without studying the results of modern exegesis. There was a succession of great teachers and thinkers after Luther, who asserted that after all it was the individual and his interpretation that mattered. A doctrine cannot be imposed upon the human conscience; the reason of man — the highest gift of the Creator — has to be fed, guided, and controlled. A historical revelation has to cope with difficulties caused by philology, history, science, and philosophy. It is faith that matters, but the basis can no longer be a child-like acceptance of the rule as laid down in revelation.

In the world of today an alliance is necessary between the three Semitic religions, and, according to the plan of this volume, the religion of Islam and its views on the Bible are not considered. The need for such collaboration is brilliantly shown by Hassan Saab in his article "Communication between Christianity and Islam" (*Middle East*

* *The Cambridge History of the Bible:* The West from the Reformation to the Present Day. Edited by S. L. GREENSLADE. (Cambridge University Press, England. 589 pp. 1963. 45*s*.)

*Journal,* Winter 1964, 41).

The reviewer is interested in all the three great faiths as pointing the way to the Religion of Abraham; and he hopes that the other university will, in course of time, attempt a synthetic critique.

We have nothing but unalloyed praise for the printing and get-up; the price is not unreasonable for so substantial a volume.

A. A. A. FYZEE

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*The Dimensions of Values: A Unified Theory.* By RADHAKAMAL MUKERJEE. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 151 pp. 1964. 27*s.* 6*d.*)

The author, who has published many books, reveals the most astounding acquaintance with literature relevant to his subject. Unfortunately, over-specialization has led to vocabularies intelligible only to the minorities constituting the specialized groups and the author has fallen victim to this.

His main theme is to insist that there are objectively valid values and purposes.

> The modern Western sense of relativism which is prepared to sweep away all absolute values, including those absolutes on which the judgments of relativism themselves have to be based, represents a most harmful superficiality and arrogance of thought.
>
> From the major religious and ethical systems as well as from the countless mystics, poets and sages of all countries and epochs come the peak intuitive insights and visions of values and norms of mankind, including the voice of conscience and cosmic exaltation and faith. These affirm and validate a common hierarchical and developmental system of values for man ever pressing him towards unity, totality and transcendence.
>
> Human values are not only perfect, universal and infinite transcendent, but are recoganizably immanent in the human individuality as embodiments of the whole-and-real.

Incidentally, there are good observations:

> The display of the standard of living becomes more important for man than the standard of living itself. Poverty becomes intolerable not merely because of the deprivation of the basic needs and values but also because it leads to loss or attenuation of role, status and prestige.
>
> The inexhaustible variety of inorganic and organic evolution is contained within the unity of norms — beacon-lights for man for moulding and guiding the cosmic process in harmony with the deepest self and the essence of existence.
>
> The transcending human imagination bears in its womb both the memory of the past and anticipation of the future, and keeps alive the unending striving and organization of evolution.

R. F. RATTRAY

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*Worlds Apart (A Dialogue of the 1960's).* By OWEN BARFIELD. (Faber and Faber, London. 211 pp. 1963. 28*s.*)

Mr. Barfield's new book is sustained by the conviction that in our age of specialization every research worker is apt to isolate himself in his own hermitage and shows little concern for other areas of scientific inquiry. No wonder that every specialist develops his own blind spot and is prone to maintain an exclusiveness which prevents common understanding and appreciation. Hence it is natural to wish that the barriers of specialization were broken down and attempts made to create conditions favourable to communication between different worlds of human knowledge.

The "dialogue" takes place among persons who belong to fields of human concern as different as physics, biology, psychiatry, theological studies, linguistic analysis, and rocket research. Mr. Barfield lets every speaker put forward his own version of reality without any restraint or inhibition. However, when any individual is made to represent the whole field of a science he cannot by any means bring out all possible positions and is forced to make statements which cannot be left unchallenged by his own co-workers. In the end the

views with which the name of Rudolf Steiner is associated seem to carry the day and it is clear where the sympathies of the author lie.

What is really offered is a critical assessment of our scientific situation which should go a long way towards making the modern intellectual conscious of the limitations of his approach and towards making him realize that in issues of ultimate concern he cannot simply brush aside ideas by calling them Oriental, but must find access to facts as they are. No serious student of science and philosophy should miss this book, which is as entertaining as thoughtful.

SYED VAHIDUDDIN

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*The Essential Gandhi: An Anthology.* Edited by LOUIS FISCHER. (George Allen and Unwin Limited, London. 369 pp. 1963. 30*s*.)

Fischer's biography of Gandhi (Cape, 1951) was a worthy if hasty piece of work by a first-class journalist. But it lacked penetration and was inaccurate in a number of details. This compilation has the opposite merits and defects. Its scrupulous attention to detail, and to continuity within each section, is admirable. It illustrates Gandhi's thought processes — which is what his writings were — with clarity and objectivity. Some of the chapter headings are a little extravagantly phrased but they do, in effect, describe the essential subject-matter within the chapter.

The volume will be of most use to students of Gandhi as a simple reference book. The best writing, as distinct from intrinsic subject-interest, is contained in the long quotations from Gandhi's autobiography and from *Satyagraha in South Africa*. But the material gathered from *Indian Opinion* in South Africa and from *Young India* and *Harijan* will prove immensely valuable as guides to further research.

Nothing so far published has yet surpassed Ronald Duncan's 1951 anthology, *Selected Writings of Mahatma Gandhi* (Faber), which, however, was a different and more personal kind of book, with far fewer quotations, and presented from a more comprehensively philosophical viewpoint. Fischer's *Essential Gandhi* provides a first-class complementary volume, however, and is recommended within the suggested readership limits.

IAN LE MAISTRE

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*The Making of Man.* By KENNETH WALKER. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. vi+163 pp. Frontispiece. 1963. 21*s*.)

This is an account, personal but always objective, of Mr. Walker's contacts, in the first place through his friend Maurice Nicoll, then through P. D. Ouspensky, and finally through G. I. Gurdjieff himself, whom Mr. Walker came to know in that remarkable man's last years, with the ideas and teachings which Gurdjieff represented (in more than one sense) to the Western world. Much that is said here has been said before, by Mr. Walker himself and by others, but it is doubtful whether any earlier account has set down Gurdjieff's ideas and teachings as lucidly and succinctly. This is the best introduction to them known to the present reviewer, and those for whom they are new, but who are capable of feeling their attraction on a first meeting, will be grateful to Mr. Walker.

He appropriately emphasizes their central proposition on his first page: that man as we know him is incomplete; that many, and probably the most important, of his potentialities are unrealized; and that the possibility of his further evolution is the possibility of his self-evolution. There is nothing alarmingly "esoteric" or "religious" about this as Mr. Walker expounds it. Rather the matter is a scientific one, whether in its psychological or in its cosmological aspect. It is a matter for the intelligent man, who knows something of the world and something of

himself, to consider objectively and responsibly; responsibly because man may well be a doomed experiment unless he can evolve further.

The book gives vivid portraits of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky, and vivid descriptions of what it was like to know them and work with them.

The point may be a small one, but it is to be deplored that so valuable a book should be marred by so many misprints. These do both Mr. Walker and his subject a considerable disservice.

R. H. WARD

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*The Madman: His Parables and Poems*. By KAHLIL GIBRAN. (William Heinemann, London. 73 pp. 1964. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

Kahlil Gibran was a writer with an established reputation in Arabic when he migrated to the U.S.A. and began to write in English. His first book, *The Madman*, is partly original and in part the translation of Arabic parables. It is the mature product of a mind which was both nourished on the literary and religious heritage of the Middle East and seasoned in the agony of World War I. The book was first published in 1918.

This new edition, tastefully produced with drawings by the author and a cover design by Graham Bishop, is more than welcome. The appearance of a book of this kind is always opportune; for man's stupidity is perennial and ubiquitous. And we have had another war.

*The Madman* is linked with the ancient mystic tradition of the East by its title. Sects of holy men still exist whose members call themselves and have been called from time immemorial the "fools of God." This epithet has been bestowed upon them because they conduct themselves in a manner which appears highly foolish to all practical men. They accept the opprobrium to which they are subjected humbly, making a virtue of the advantages they thereby gain.

Kahlil Gibran describes vividly the experience of becoming one of these abused and privileged madmen. He awakes one day to find his masks stolen. The masks are those of the priest, the scholar, the soldier, the patriot, the statesman, the patriarch — all the roles which prevent a man from being himself. He is forced to appear in public without them. The sun caresses his naked face for the first time. He blesses the thieves. People call him mad.

In madness he finds the freedom of loneliness; for he has ceased to be of any importance. Nobody pays attention to him any more. He also finds the safety of not being understood. The assurance of not being heard or comprehended encourages bold and fearless speech in the most perilous social and political set-up. A madman enjoys the immunity of a jester in the court of a king. His alienation also gives him an emotional detachment that makes for clear vision.

In a skilful little parable about justice there is a king, a thief, a weaver, and a cobbler. Gibran exposes the senselessness of the doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth which is the basis of all war by eliminating logic completely from the sequence of events which leads to the loss of the cobbler's eye.

There are thirty-four short pieces in this small volume, all as pregnant with meaning as the two referred to. It is better to quote one than to discuss a number:

THE GRAVE-DIGGER

Once, as I was burying one of my dead selves, the grave-digger came by and said to me, "Of all those who come here to bury, you alone I like."

Said I, "You please me exceedingly but why do you like me?"

"Because," said he, "they come weeping and go weeping — You only come laughing and go laughing."

LILA RAY

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*Dayanand: A Study in Hinduism.* By BAHADUR MAL. (Vishveshvaranand Vedic Research Institute, Hoshiarpur. 1962. 238 pp. 1962. Rs. 3.25)

It is well-known that during the last century Hinduism underwent a great Renaissance. This was due to the work of a series of Reformers who rose in every quarter of the nineteenth century and brought new life to Hindu culture. Ram Mohan Roy, the pioneer, was followed by other great reformers like Devendranath Tagore, Swami Dayanand, Shri-Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Swami Vivekananda, and others. This book gives us a vivid acount of the sterling role played in the national awakening by the giant among men, the dynamic Dayananda Sarasvati.

Taking his stand on the central idea that the purest form of Hinduism is Vedic religion, Swami Dayananda during his reforming crusade in the third quarter of the last century stormed at the superstitions, social evils, and degenerate forms of religion which owed their origin to *Pauranic* Hinduism, which had prevailed for over a thousand and five hundred years. The main points of his relentless attack were the degenerate caste system, child marriage, suppression of women, rites and ceremonies designed to aggrandize, and make things profitable for, the priestly classes, sectarian cults, temple worship, pilgrimages, and numberless rites and ceremonies. He sounded a clarion call to purified religion, to the high and lofty culture of the Vedic Age.

The learned author has given in the course of his exposition of Swami Dayananda's life and work a full account of the various aspects of Hinduism, and pointed out everywhere Swami Dayananda's special contribution. This is an able and valuable study of the whole subject of the modern Hindu revival.

D. GURUMURTI

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*Pratyabhijñāhṛdayam.* With English Translation and Notes by JAIDEVA SINGH. (Motilal Banarsidass, Delhi. 170 pp. 1963. Rs. 10.00)

The present translation, it is claimed, is a considerable improvement upon Professor K. F. Leidecker's and the claim is largely justified. *Pratyabhijñā,* literally "Recognition," is a well-known *yogic* discipline of the Advaita Philosophy of Kashmir. The treatise *Pratyabhijñāhṛdayam* is a digest of that system. Its author, Abhinavagupta's pupil Kshemarāja, flourished in the tenth century, and wrote several works on the subject.

Principal Jaideva Singh had the good fortune of studying the text with Swami Lakshman Joo, who, it is said, is practically the sole surviving exponent of this system in Kashmir and has also practised it. This has enabled the translator to grasp the original text, bristling with technicalities, in the traditional way and thereby to present it in English more faithfully.

The main thesis is what the Vedānta philosophy teaches: "*Śivo'ham*" — "I am Śiva" — "*jīvo brahmaiva nāparaḥ*" — "the individual self is the *brahman* itself and none else." Through *māyā* the *jīva* forgets his real nature and identifies himself with his psycho-physical mechanism.

> The teaching is meant to enable him to *recognize* his real nature, to bring home to him the truth that his real Self is none other than Siva and to suggest to him the spiritual discipline by which he can attain "at-one-ment" with Him.

This entails discussion on such abstruse subjects as Ultimate Reality, the Universe, the Individual Self, Bondage, and Liberation.

The book is fairly well printed, but contains no end of printer's mistakes. The system of transliteration is given but is more disregarded than followed. Introduction, Analysis of Contents, Notes, Glossary, and Index all redound to the translator's credit.

B. CH. CHHABRA

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*Vishveshvaranand Indological Journal,* Vol. I. Nos. i-ii. Editor: ACHARYA VISHVABANDHU. (Vishveshvaranand Vedic Research Institute. 372+xxiii+25+26 pp. 1963. Annual subscription, Rs. 20.00)

The Vishveshvaranand Vedic Research Institute, Hoshiarpur, has added to its manifold achievements in the field of Sanskrit research and Indology by starting the publication of this half-yearly journal exclusively devoted to Indological research. Though it is primarily a research organ of the Institute, the inaugural issue includes articles from scholars of repute, foreign as well as Indian, and it bids fair to rank as one of the foremost in the field if it succeeds in maintaining the high standard attained at the outset. Contributions that deserve special mention in the first number are Dr. Siddheshvar Varma's "Scientific Presentation in *Mahābhāṣya,*" Professor Renou's "Vedic *'svasara'* " MM. Kane's "The *Vaṭakaṇikā* of Varāhamihira" and Dr. V. S. Agrawala's "Study of Ṛgveda, x. 114." There are scholarly articles on the Muslim conquest of North India and on Sino-Indian relations up to the fifteenth century, besides studies in the Nyāya-Vaiśeṣika *darśana, Dharmaśāstra,* etc. Another useful feature, besides that of book reviews, is "News and Views," informative of Institute activities as well as matters of scholarly interest elsewhere. The *editio princeps* of the *Saṅkarṣa-Kāṇḍa-Sūtras* of Jaimini by Shri K. V. Sharma of the Institute, with his illuminating Introduction and Notes, adds to the value of this issue.

The second number presents equally rich fare. The "Vedic Textuo-Linguistic Studies" by Acharya Vishvabandhu opens out new vistas of study in Vedic interpretation and emendation. Very interesting articles appear on the *Gṛhyasūtras,* and on the *Vyākaraṇa* and *Alaṁkāra śāstras,* besides those on historical and archaeological problems. Professor Agrawala continues his symbolical interpretation of Ṛgvedic passages. Among others, Myles Dillon's comparative study of Celt and Hindu affinities in language, literature, mythology, and culture calls for special mention. This time, K. V. Sharma gives us, with his characteristic thoroughness, a critical edition of *Dṛggaṇitaṁ* by Parameśvara which should be of interest to students of Indian astronomy. One finds it difficult to agree with Professor P. S. Gupta that Śaṅkuka was a Buddhist Logician on the ground of his quoting from Dharmakīrti, since Ānandavardhana and Mahimabhaṭṭa also quote him.

We are happy to welcome this new scholarly journal and hope it succeeds in stimulating research in the field of Indology. It appears to us that more space might be devoted to the book-review section to include at least short notices of the innumerable new publications coming out these days in this field. The journal is a must for every research library.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

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*Whither India?* A Gandhi Marg Symposium. (Gandhi Smarak Nidhi, New Delhi; Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 102 pp. 1962. Re. 1.00; 2*s.*; 50 cents)

The Gandhi Memorial Trust publishes a quarterly journal entitled *Gandhi Marg* devoted to the study of Gandhian thought and ideals with particular reference to the problems and challenges of our times. Three years ago it initiated a symposium called "Whither India?" to which various celebrities including the late Pandit Nehru, Vinoba Bhave, K. M. Munshi, J. B. Kripalani, C. Rajagopalachari, and others, were asked to contribute. Their views have now been published in the present volume, constituting a stimulating, thoughtful, and provocative contribution to the subject.

The writers take stock of the many adverse happenings which the young Republic has had to face since Independence. We have seen one internal crisis following on another — the violence following the Partition; the setting-up of a Communist government in

Kerala; the Chinese aggression; the division of India on a linguistic basis; the Panjabi Subah agitation; the Assamese tangle; the indiscipline in schools and colleges; the inadequate patterns of education; and, above all, the moral crisis which calls for "a determined effort to get back deliberately to the moral and spiritual values of the Gandhian era." Various solutions are advocated, including national unity, more ministers, better and cheaper administration, dedication to the Socialistic ideal, national integration, the establishment of study-groups to work for the restoration of ethical standards throughout the country, and the continuance of English as the inter-State and Central official medium of work and correspondence.

The late Prime Minister's contribution is an excerpt from an essay written by him twenty-five years ago and is characteristically vigorous and idealistic:

> Whither India? Surely to the great human goal of social and economic equality, to the ending of all exploitation of nation by nation and class by class, to national freedom within the framework of an international co-operative socialistic world-federation. This is not such an empty, idealistic dream as some people imagine. . . . We may not have it within our grasp but those with vision can see it emerging on the horizon. And even if there be delay in the realization of our goal, what does it matter if our steps march in the right direction and our eyes look steadily in front? For in the pursuit itself of a mighty purpose there is joy and happiness and a measure of achievement. . . .

HILLA C. VAKEEL

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*The Avadi Socialists*. By VIGHNESWARA (N. RAGHUNATHAN). (B. G. Paul and Co., Madras. xvi+392 pp. 1964. Ordinary ed., Rs. 5.00; Library ed. Rs. 6.00; 10*s*.; $1.25)

This very readable book contains about 190 papers contributed by Shri N. Raghunathan to *Swatantra* during a period of forty-five months from August 1952 to April 1956. The volume has been rightly entitled "The Avadi Socialists." In a number of papers the author has exposed the ideological bungling, not to mention the sham and hypocrisy, which plagues our economy. He has no patience with megalomaniacs masquerading as saviours. "Mankind," says the author, "has never been more afflicted than when megalomaniacs have mistaken hallucination for inspiration."

In his paper on the "Avadi Jamboree" Shri Raghunathan gives a vivid pen-picture of the Congress session at Avadi. He compares unfavourably the Avadi *tamasha* with the Madras session of the Congress in 1927 and says:

> There were no V.I.P.'s then, no posh cars to transport the elite from Mount Road to Avadi, no sybaritic *table d'hote,* no police bundobust of a kind that would make a Victorian proconsul's progress seem a village fete by comparison. But the Srinivas Congress is dead as the dodo.

In addition to numerous papers in which the author has made a reasoned and convincing onslaught on the Avadi socialists and their nostrums, the volume contains a number of delightful essays on a variety of topics, such as, "The Home of Chivalry," "The River Soul," "My Everest," "Folk Art," "The Melattore Players," "Badrinath," and many others.

Shri Raghunathan is a profound student of men and matters. He has a keen sense of humour. His pen is lucid and forceful. His diction is easy and graceful. He belongs to that small tribe of authors and journalists who serve their fellow men by refusing to have any truck with pretence and falsehood. His book will be read with interest and profit by all who want to understand the causes of the economic, social, and moral blight which is afflicting our country.

PHIROZE J. SHROFF

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*The Totalitarian Threat*. By EUGENE J. ROESCH. (Philosophical Library, New York. 189 pp. 1963. $6.00)

This book presents a somewhat unusual theme, at least a theme which should induce a train of thought in its readers. Those who live under democratic régimes, which give legal and constitutional recognition to the rights of individuals and theoretically uphold the doctrine of individualism, are apt to entertain the complacent feeling that they are free to think, act, write and do other things as they like, though these freedoms are, they agree, subject to some restraints imposed by the State through law and otherwise in the interests of society. Unless we look closely into the implications of this position, we should be apt to overlook the consideration that the political organization of the State can actually be the agency for attenuating the freedom of the individual, and ultimately may even transform itself into a totalitarian organization.

Dr. Roesch poses the problem thus: We feel that the

> totalitarian juggernaut, especially Communism, is the chief danger to the modern world. But a sadder conclusion is that the threat is not so much from the open conditions of totalitarian rule as from the subtle elusiveness of individualism.

Individualism, he says, is a "mortal myth" and in any society founded on the individualist philosophy "the totalitarian stranglehold is inevitable."

The author illustrates his thesis by a detailed analysis of the writings of two high priests of individualism — Hobbes and Rousseau — who while being uncompromising advocates of individualism, become, in the course of their exposition of the theory of the Social Contract, advocates of the right of the State, which comes into existence through social action, to subordinate the individual to its own authority. The State is the outcome of the individual human being's gregariousness and his inability to exist in isolation from his fellow men, and the Social Contract of these writers' conception is the result either of a society organizing its members or of the individual human being's preparedness to organize himself in association with his fellow men. The emerging factor may be designated the General Will, as is done by Rousseau or the Promotion of the Common Good, as Hobbes does. But whether it is the one or the other, the basic binding factor is the moral law or purpose. When this becomes lax, a society has reached a stage in which the State can develop into a totalitarian agency.

There may be constitutional safeguards against totalitarianism in the form of Bills of Right or enunciations of Fundamental Rights, as in many democratic Constitutions, like those of the United States and India. But no laws or resort to positive legislation as "a kind of mechanical makeshift attempt to have the laws do what fulfilled obligation in natural moral law should accomplish" can be a substitute for the moral law itself or the obligation it imposes to preserve individualism. "Indeed legitimate are the fears of those observers who refuse to believe in the impossibility of an American totalitarianism."

The only safeguard against the totalitarian trend even in professedly democratic countries is that the State should be subordinated to the transcendental purpose of the human person. This subordination is "intelligible only as man is seen to be a rational being who acts as such and orders his life personally and politically on the fact of his rational nature."

Dr. Roesch says that, unless these truths are held with firm intellectual conviction and good will for others of the human family, a healthy democratic life will fail to arise or, what is worse, personal freedom will wane or vanish in the masses dominated scientifically "by *inordinate* self-interest" (emphasis author's). In this statement we have a clear warning which all who are prone to take complacent pride in their traditions of individualism should ponder. We have potential Hitlers and Stalins all around us to justify the Hobbesian and the Rousseau-an thesis.

C. V. H. RAO

*The Mentor Book of Major British Poets*. Edited by OSCAR WILLIAMS. (The New American Library, New York. 576 pp. 1963. 95 cents).

It is perhaps not quite startling to come across these lines in a recent poem of Czesslaw Milosz:

If I had to show what the world is for me
I would take a hamster or a hedgehog or a mole
and place him in a theatre seat one evening
and, bringing my ear close to his humid snout,
would listen to what he says about the spotlights,
sounds of the music, and movements of the dance.

We have indeed conditioned ourselves to a mole-like existence, and very rarely does poetry touch our solar plexus. Poetry is increasingly shutting itself up within academic walls or in obscure language. As Julian Symon says in his Introduction to this book: "The characteristic poet of the twentieth century is the acknowledged legislator of a class of bored University students." Ultimately, however, poetry is bound to win. We really cannot live without it. An anthology like this, personal yet unprejudiced, is the very thing that can kindle such general interest in the "common readers" to make them go back to the collected volumes of the poets themselves. We open conveniently at Blake and close with Dylan Thomas. In between there are twenty poets — among them Wordsworth, Hopkins, and Yeats. Himself a poet, Oscar Williams has selected with an uncannily true eye the masterpieces of the Romantics and has presented the poems *in full*. Among the moderns Robert Graves, George Barker, and Edwin Muir are amply represented. The Romantics and the Moderns as sampled out by Mr. Williams come very close to us — to Life itself. For if Shelley wished to ascend to freedom like his Skylark and Wordsworth spoke of the "bliss" of the dawn of Revolution, they but echoed what was in the thoughts of the people contemporaneous with them. So do the moderns when, in a century bedevilled by two Great Wars and the ominous signs of a third all-destroying atomic holocaust, they sing of the futility of wars as does Robert Graves; of the death of youth as does Wilfred Owen,

But they will not dream of us poor lads
Lost in the ground;

and the increasing awareness of a meaningless machine civilization as in George Barker, who is angry and nasty with everything and turns his disgust into enduring poetry. And, of course, there is the most modern poet of them all, Dylan Thomas. Five hundred and fifty "spindrift pages" of great poetry, Mr. Williams's edition could be the very heart of one's personal library.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

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*Folktales of Japan*. Edited by KEIGO SEKI. Translated by ROBERT J. ADAMS. (Folktales of the World. Gen. Editor: RICHARD M. DORSON. Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. xxi+221 pp. 1963. 28*s*.)

That Professor Dorson, of the Folklore Programme, Indiana University, U.S.A. is general editor of this series, indicates its scholarly character. Yet the tales in this particular volume are in a simple peasant style, enough to appeal to any child brought up on Grimm, Asbjörnson and Moe, or the animal stories of Africa, all of which find parallels in the book.

The scientific collection and classification of folktales did not start in Japan until the 1920's, but it says much for the diligence of its folklorists that they have collected over 15,000 tales to date. Professor Seki's original collection included 240 of these. He explains his grouping of them in an Introduction to the 63 now chosen and ably translated by Robert J. Adams. The latter provides a Translator's Note and headnotes to each story, numbering it according to the European Aarne-Thompson Tale-Type Index, and to the Japanese Kata Index, as well as giving international parallels and variants.

Professor Dorson's Foreword surveys admirably in brief the history of academic research into these Japanese tales, and considers similarities and differences in relation to traditional tales elsewhere. They are grouped into tales about animals (reminiscent of cunning Brer Rabbit, or Reynard the Fox), tales of magic (ogres, quests and tests, supernatural husbands and wives), and tales on such themes as "kindness rewarded and evil punished," cleverness *versus* stupidity, etc. A glossary precedes the bibliography, since the translator has retained various original words for their liveliness.

The book may be a useful source also for creative writers who are interested in folk tradition, not so much as a matter of collection and classification in breadth, but for their meaning "in depth."

W. Carl

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*Music Festivals of the World: A Guide to Leading Festivals of Music, Opera and Ballet.* By Dennis Gray Stoll. (The Commonwealth and International Library of Science, Technology, Engineering and Liberal Studies. Music Division. Volume 4. Pergamon Press, Oxford. The Macmillan Company, New York. xv+310 pp. Illustrated. 1963. 21*s*.)

Here is an informative volume that is more, for it is permeated with the colour and spirit of the subject. Since the second world war music-festivals have grown considerably in number; although Europe, where the art has developed over the ages, is richest in examples, there are more to be found in Asia and America. They cover not only concert music but opera, ballet, and folklore, and are enhanced by the settings and associations of the cities and countryside worthy to offer them. This panoramic survey not only gives details of typical and varied programmes; it paints their background, so that we are taken in fancy, as we may go in fact, to romantic mountains and lakesides, picturesque squares and twisting streets, baroque palaces and opera-houses. At the same time the creators of the music behind the Festivals are not forgotten; Mozart, Wagner and others are pictured in their own milieu. One of the most attractive features of this book is its historical survey of composers of a living past, its assessment of those of the present.

The range of Festivals is wide, including well-known examples like Britain's Edinburgh and Glyndebourne, Germany's Bayreuth and Munich, Austria's Salzburg and Vienna, Italy's Florence, France's Aix-en-Provence, Switzerland's Zurich, Holland's Hague and Czechoslovakia's Prague. There are many other fascinating ones featured: in Spain and Hungary, the Balkans, Scandinavia, Greece and the Lebanon, Israel, Korea, and Japan, away to the new World, where they flourish in the United States and Canada. In the second edition this work deserves, Australia should be included.

The author, Dennis Gray Stoll, has the artist in his blood, being the son of Sir Oswald Stoll, theatrical impresario who brought so much of it to the London Coliseum. Himself a composer and conductor, he is able to bring not only technical knowledge but the musician's enthusiasm to a tastefully presented book, well-laced with photographs. It certainly deserves the tribute of Sir Malcolm Sargent's foreword, and the attention both of potential festival-goers and all who enjoy a feast of musicology.

Dudley Glass

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# LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[ **Shri Baldoon Dhingra** writes of some sad changes.—Ed.]

Paris is undergoing a face lift: outwardly, the ancient monuments are, with a few exceptions, made new. Gone are the soot and grime of centuries which have clung to the Madeleine and the Concorde, to mention only two well-known names; and when the lights are on and the fountains spraying golden liquid, the Place is like fairyland. On the opposite side of the Madeleine, the Chambre des Députés gives a solemn promise: to work truly and solemnly for the glory of France.

Alas, we know only too well that no amount of whitewashing can restore an epoch and no amount of harangues ancient grandeur. It is ironical that the more the zeal to plead for the purity of the French language the more it is sprinkled with foreign and English words. Nor is language the only realm which is suffering, as the French would say, an outrage. The very heart of Paris's intellectual world, the Boulevard St. Germain, which has been resisting the New World, has been invaded. Instead of a famous bookshop and two world-renowned cafés — Les Deux Magots and Le Flore, an American-style "book-bar" and a Café Drugstore, both symbolizing modernity, will take over. Three Cafés — the Royal Saint Germain and the two others will become American-style stores while preserving the externals of the so-called Left Bank atmosphere.

The Deux Magots and the Flore have been famous for many reasons. Jean-Paul Sartre used to sit and write his books there in the forties; other intellectuals followed suit. Large numbers of writers and artists used these two cafés for meeting places. Many an author — Richard Wright, Jean Bloch-Michel — invited me to discuss things with them in one of these cafés — and in recent years this square has become the haunt of the New Bohemian society, a corner where you could and would dress and look as you please. If anything, the eccentric felt at home here and the conventional ill at ease. The tables will only slowly be turned.

It is true, of course, that the new drugstore like its counterparts in the Champs-Elysées is going to be a flashy place. The façade will get a sort of mixed grill of Franco-American cuisine, with the New World predominating. Strange bedfellows, indeed, and while they consort ill together they know they must co-exist *nolens volens*.

Paris may do what it will to resuscitate its ancient glory by scraping and polishing its monuments; it can pledge by the age-old loyalty they owe Marianne to resist all pressure from mechanistic culture, but, alas! these invasions are too persistent and too frequent. Can you safeguard your glorious institutions against the encroachments of insensate, though disguised, ways? The forces that tend to unify mankind or the world around us are material and you cannot fight against them. Unity — not mechanical sameness — is much deeper. It is not an outer but an inner revolution.

Baldoon Dhingra

# ENDS AND SAYINGS

"... ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
—SAMUEL BUTLER: *Hudibras*

The passing of PANDIT JAWAHARLAL NEHRU, on 27 May 1964, brought to a close a life of moving moral and mental grace. At a young age he put aside the life of cultured ease and aesthetic pleasure that was open to him. Instead he carried the intellectual force and moral sensitiveness he had gained into the stern world of political and social effort for freedom and a just society. The lightless side of that world, the craving for power and the materialistic reckoning of human sums, never darkened his mind with its shadow. Student of science, lover of literature, historian, heir to the political thought of the West, he became nevertheless sufficiently a disciple of Gandhiji to show an austere devotion to his work for world peace and the simplest needs of the simplest Indians. Though one of the protagonists in the Indian national struggle for freedom, he expressed often a hope for some kind of federation of the world. While to many he seemed, of recent years, to be labouring mainly to bring to India the benefits of Western science and industrial technique, he grew inwardly towards an appreciation of Indian tradition that went the deeper because he brought to it a mind fresh with the study of many cultures and free from the mechanical adherence to custom and the rituals of the sects which have trammelled the great tradition. *The Discovery of India* was published some years ago. But his Will has added to it, as it were, a passage that will long be cherished by all who aspire to see Indian tradition renewed. We print below an extract:

"I wish to declare with all earnestness that I do not want any religious ceremonies performed for me after my death. I do not believe in any such ceremonies and to submit to them, even as a matter of form, would be hypocrisy and an attempt to delude ourselves and others.

When I die, I should like my body to be cremated. If I die in a foreign country, my body should be cremated there and my ashes sent to Allahabad. A small handful of these ashes should be thrown into the Ganges and the major portion of them disposed of in the manner indicated below. No part of these ashes should be retained or preserved.

My desire to have a handful of my ashes thrown into the Ganga at Allahabad has no religious significance, so far as I am concerned. I have no religious sentiment in the matter. I have been attached to the Ganga and the Jamuna rivers in Allahabad ever since my childhood and, as I have grown older, this attachment has also grown. I have watched their varying moods as the seasons changed, and have often thought of the history and myth and tradition and song and story that have become attached to them through the long ages.

The Ganga, especially, is the river of India, beloved of her people, round which are intertwined her racial memories, her hopes and fears, her songs of triumph, her victories and her defeats. She has been a symbol of India's age-long culture and civilization, ever-changing, ever-flowing, and yet ever the same Ganga. She reminds me of the snow-covered peaks and the deep valleys of the Himalayas, which I have loved so much, and of the rich and vast plains below, where my life and work have been cast.

Smiling and dancing in the morning

sunlight, and dark and gloomy and full of mystery as the evening shadows fall, a narrow, slow, and graceful stream in winter, and a vast roaring thing during the monsoon, broad-bosomed almost as the sea, and with something of the sea's power to destroy, the Ganga has been to me a symbol and a memory of the past of India, running into the present, and flowing on to the great ocean of the future.

And though I have discarded much of past tradition and custom, and am anxious that India should rid herself of all shackles that bind and constrain her and divide her people, and suppress vast numbers of them, and prevent the free development of the body and the spirit, though I seek all this, yet I do not wish to cut myself off from the past completely. I am proud of that great inheritance that has been, and is, ours, and I am conscious that I too, like all of us, am a link in that unbroken chain which goes back to the dawn of history in the immemorial past of India.

That chain I would not break, for I treasure it and seek inspiration from it. And as witness of this desire of mine and as my last homage to India's cultural inheritance, I am making this request that a handful of my ashes be thrown into the Ganga at Allahabad to be carried to the great ocean that washes India's shore."

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The Spring number of *Views* (London–New-York) has mainly concentrated upon "economic conditions and priorities . . . the kind of human relationships and way of life that have grown up under capitalism," and possible alternatives, based on human needs and potentialities. Its editorial condemns the exaltation of productivity as an end in itself, and brings forward specific evidence that the façade of prosperity conceals an imbalance in society. False priorities in production and unfair privileges mean that material possessions and personal competitiveness are valued far too highly. True socialism is not just an economic technology, but a total view of productive man "in a *human* sense" based

> on the idea that individual fulfilment need not necessarily be at the expense of others, but that, on the contrary, self-realization depends on the degree to which society creates the conditions for co-operation and communication with others and, therefore, the possibility of identifying ourselves with the purposes of others.

The Editor writes, in introducing a picture supplement, "The Mass Media":

> To someone from the Eastern or underdeveloped world, one of the most striking features of Western society is the extent to which its citizens are assailed by constant pressures to consume . . . by an emphasis on the display and consumption of goods. . . .

He grants that advertising can retain dignity and provide useful facts, but today's "high-pressure salesmanship" sets out to create discontent and inferiority feeling about what a person possesses or is. Appealing to selfishness, it turns people from real ways of tackling problems, by the false lure of material possessions as being the universal talisman. It aggravates, in the name of increased consumption, status anxieties (identifying status with material possessions) and escapist fantasies bred from boredom, squalor, or frustration, sexual or other. His strongest indictment, however, is for the harm done by mass media in rendering people insensitive to themselves as individuals, functioning responsibly together as a unified organism, instead of which it persuades them to look upon themselves simply as "masses," mere agglomerates of persons for whom "happiness is only to be found in the personal consumption of personal goods."

This can usefully be compared with an article, "The Higher Socialism" (*Theosophical Free Tract,* Bombay, 25 June 1947) which defines the higher aspect as "based not so much

on economic and political laws, as on moral and spiritual ones," and as dealing with the removal of poverty and the satisfaction of needs, in both cases not merely economic, but mental and moral. Men can never be all equal in the economic world. Yet in the complete view,

> when we see these differences in the light of Spiritual Wisdom, we find that there is an equality, for all men are rich and poor at the same time; that some are rich in one portion of their universe while they are poor in others. The Higher Socialism tries to manifest the power of this Spiritual Brotherhood in which each man is apparently different from the other and yet both are identically the same with all.

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An example of the destructive character of mass personal gratification at the expense of the general good comes appropriately to hand, in an article "The Modern God" by Anthony Wedgwood Benn, M.P. (*The Guardian,* 15 May 1964), which was followed by another, along similar lines, by John Arden. The tragic and comic often link hands, and Mr. Benn works out the religious parallel most amusingly, though, at the same time, he brings out fully the folly and danger of the cult.

The Motor God has its festivals, such as Whitsuntide and other sacrificial Bank Holidays. It calls for propitiation by gadgets, by never-ending washing and polishing. Its demands for movement [and parking] are given priority over other needs for living, and cities, towns, villages, and countryside are expected to sacrifice themselves to satisfy its gaping mouth. Britain has even been, and is still, involved in fighting, now in Southern Arabia, "to safeguard the sacred spirit which the Motor God requires." Mr. Benn cites its "annual procession of holy relics [Veteran Cars Race] but omits the daily and weekendly processions of cars jammed nose-to-tail, sometimes up to twenty miles in length, accompanied by a poisonous incense of exhaust fumes. Nor does he mention the priestcraft that organizes and encourages worship.

The Motor God follows precedents in exacting his full tribute of sacrifices. In Britain "last year he took nearly 7,000 lives, gravely injured 90,000, and 250,000 less seriously." (In other countries slaughter is as much if not more.) Road Safety Campaigns make little impact. There is always the mass feeling "it couldn't happen to *us.*" There is the exciting appeal of "freedom and power and personal status" that lures all levels of society — as though these intangibles could be achieved by people through possesion "of a car, or a new car, or a faster car, of their very own."

Mr. Benn calls for champions in the fight against the policy that bows down to this false god, champions prepared to stand up to mass hostility, and to being attacked as "anti-motorist," "for restricting personal freedom and for trying to legislate for a new morality." Actually a "new morality," a less self-centred attitude, would be needed for success. Mr. Benn, in addition to putting forward several practical and specific suggestions, enunciates, as the vital key, "one single simple principle" with far-reaching implications, that

> those who own vehicles and use our roads must expect the same sort of safety control that we take for granted when we are dealing with safety at sea, safety on the railways, or safety in the air.

A point made by Mr. Arden, too, was that the control of trains has only been permitted to "professionals," and not to every Tom, Dick, and Harry. Many suggestions for improving conditions, and attitudes, have been put forward, individually, in the press and elsewhere, and Mr. Benn feels that, whether a frontal attack succeeds or not (an open question), it should be made. For, he asserts, no society that allows this terrible worship to continue has the right to call itself civilized.

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# THE TRUE JEW

Ghetto
Garlic
Market place
*T'fillin*-tailored hand and brow
Down the centuries
Now
Jew
Docketed
Pocketed.

To pace the genius of the Jew
Efface garlic, ghetto, market place —
Look to the law —
Testament
Talmud
Torah
Relativity —
Peel back the thick rich storage leaves
Through five millenniums of song.
The true Jew
For ever
Breaks the common mould
Shapes new forms
Strikes live stakes.
He distrusts the sleek crust of crystallizing custom —
Static, stagnant norms —
He cracks disrupts re-forms.
He probes the vitals,
The riven heart and brain,
To gain no platinum accolade to bless
A glib success
And gloss his unrelatedness —
To hide the palpitating vacuum inside,
But the anguish of denial —
The last judgment
The ultimate trial.

DOROTHY ELLIN FLAX